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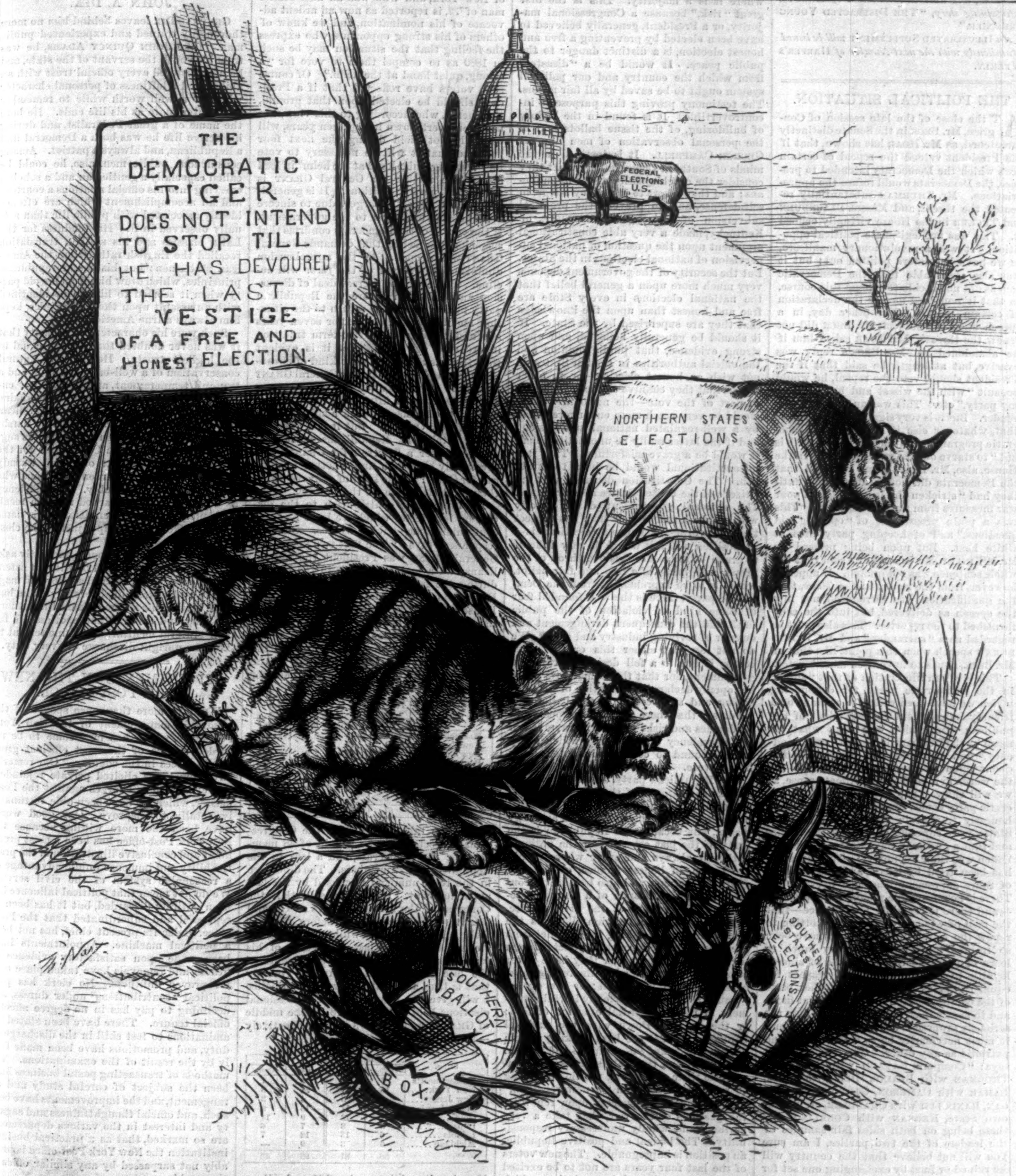
THE DEMOCRATIC TIGER DOES NOT INTEND TO STOP TILL HE HAS DEVOURED THE LAST VESTIGE OF A FREE AND HONEST ELECTION.
FEDERAL ELECTIONS U.S.
NORTHERN STATES ELECTIONS
SOUTHERN STATES ELECTIONS
SOUTHERN BALLOT BOX
Th. Nast

THE BULLDOZER.

"Three Bulls for a long time pastured together. A Tiger lay in ambush in the hope of making them his prey, but was afraid to attack them whilst they kept together. Having at last, by *guileful speeches, succeeded in separating them,* he attacked them without fear, as they fed alone, and feasted on them *one* (by one?) at his own leisure."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 10, 1879.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a picture of the Austrian Emperor's visit to Szegedin, a double-page picture showing the method of laager camp defense in Zululand, and another installment of* Hardy's *entertaining story,* "The Distracted Young Preacher."

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

At the close of the late session of Congress, Mr. **Beck** in the Senate distinctly threatened, as Mr. **Hoar** has shown, that if the President vetoed the repeal of certain laws which the Democrats intended to propose, the Democrats would refuse the appropriations. Mr. **Thurman** substantially repeated the threat, and Messrs. **Blackburn** and **Tucker** in the House virtually echoed it. This was not legitimate political opposition. It was a revolutionary manifesto, as we have heretofore pointed out; but it was also observable that the Democratic caucus did not decide to pursue this course, so that it remained merely the declaration of certain leaders. The other day, in a speech upon the subject, Mr. **Beck** did not renew the threat. Mr. **Hoar** asked him if he abandoned it. Mr. **Beck**'s reply was evasive, but at length he said that if the President should veto the repeal, he would consult "with the wisest and best men of my party," etc. This was an absolute surrender. But it is very significant. It shows that, whatever else it may be, the Democratic programme, as thus far determined, is not "to starve out the government." In the House, also, Mr. **Blackburn** had said that the Democrats did not mean to stop until they had "stricken the last vestige of your war measures from the statute-book." This was a plain programme of "opening old questions," and of keeping party fires at white heat. But upon being pressed by Mr. **M'Kinley**, Mr. **Blackburn** said that the whole sentence was not quoted. It appears, however, from the report in the *Times*, that the qualification was introduced, not into the speech as delivered, but into the copy furnished to the reporter. This also must be regarded as a "surrender," and Mr. **Blackburn**'s speech upon this point, like that of Mr. **Beck**, seems to have been mere bluster.

This is all an illustration of that "spirit" in the Democratic party for denouncing which we have been called to account by a friendly independent correspondent of Republican sympathies, who asks what we mean by the Democratic "spirit" and "tendency," and by "risk and disaster" consequent upon Democratic success. We use the words in a perfectly legitimate sense, as we will show. The impulse of the Democratic party comes from men who have been honestly trained in the belief that their States were supreme as against the Union, and that a group of Slave States within the Union was their "country." That question has been tried by battle, and the doctrine of State supremacy has been overthrown. There is no reasonable ground for supposing—and there is certainly no evidence—that the men of whom we speak are plotting to renew the war. But those who have been so trained have naturally very much to learn of patriotism in the sense of sincere loyalty to the Union, and of respect for equal rights as understood in other parts of the country. It is foolish to forget facts, and to assert that, because a party may not seriously propose to destroy the government, it must necessarily be as conservative and patriotic as any other. Our correspondent says: "Compare **Bayard** with **Edmunds**, **Thurman** with **Blaine**, **Hill** with **Hoar**, **Lamar** with **Cameron**, **Gordon** with **Logan**, **Randolph** with **Chandler**, or, in your own State, **Kernan** with **Conkling**, and these being on both sides fair samples of the leaders of the two parties, I am sure you will not believe that the country will be ruined or hurt by exchanging one set for the other." But we prefer a broader comparison. Compare the mass of people in New England, the Middle States, and the Northwest with the Southern whites, and the quarters of great Northern cities full of a foreign-born population, which are the two sources of Democratic strength, and then say to which, upon a venture, and in full possession of your knowledge and common-sense, would you prefer to intrust the government. Or, to put it in another way, would you think the country safer if governed by the kind of character and industry and intelligence described by the word "North," or by that described by the word "South?" We do not, of course, rest the Republican argument upon a sectional view like this. But when the chief power of a party lies in a section, the general character, the traditions, the sentiments, the civilization and spirit, of that section are necessarily taken into consideration.

Now the Southern Democrats, from whom the impulse of the party proceeds, have a well-understood purpose of suppressing—quietly, if possible, but inflexibly of suppressing—the colored vote in the States where it is a majority. This is the first great "risk," because a Congressional majority, or a President, generally believed to have been elected by preventing a free and honest election, is a distinct danger to the public peace. It would be a "disaster" from which the country and our political system ought to be saved by all fair means. The testimony proving this purpose is incontrovertible. It is found in the history of bulldozing, of the tissue ballots, and in the personal observation of men like Sir **George Campbell**. It is justified in the minds of Southern Democrats by what they consider the cruel injustice of the Republicans; and they resort to it, as they allege, in self-defense, and to prevent the practical subversion of society. Mr. **Carlisle**, of Kentucky, made a very able constitutional argument upon the question of national supervision of national elections in the States. But the security of the government depends very much more upon a general belief that the national elections in every State are free and honest than upon the knowledge that they are supervised by the State. If it should be generally believed, and upon strong evidence, that public opinion and the official authorities in certain States do not wish an honest election—or, in other words, that they connive at the suppression of part of the vote—the national welfare would be very much more endangered than by a well-regulated national supervision; and if the latter really be unconstitutional, it would be a grave misfortune. That it is unconstitutional would be hard to establish. The Constitution declares who are citizens of the United States in every State. The national government deals directly with citizens, and that it may not protect them in voting at national elections is a proposition which it would be very difficult to prove But besides this overthrow of the proper safeguards of a free and fair ballot, which is to be apprehended from the Democratic party, there is the well-founded fear of some kind of violation of the public faith, and the consequent derangement and despair of reviving industry and trade. We do not say that either this or the other course is due to a fell design to ruin the government, nor that the Democratic party has openly declared for inflation or for bulldozing and suppression of the ballot, but we do say that there are plain purposes and tendencies and risks necessarily involved in the ascendency of that party which every man is bound to consider in determining how to vote.

The Republican party, as we understand it, asks the support of the country, not because this is a Confederate Congress of rebel brigadiers, nor for any other spook and bogy reason, but because the Republican is the party of the just assertion of the national authority always and every where within the Union, of honest finance, of honestly guarded elections, and also because it contains the active friends of a thorough reform of the system of the civil service. Against a positive position like this the Democratic cry of taking the bayonet from the polls, when there are not bayonets enough to "go round," and when they have never wronged a voter, and when the real purpose of the demand is evident; or the cry of "fraud" as against a perfectly lawful settlement of the Presidential question of 1876; or the cry of "Down with the national banks" as against the best banking system we have ever known—is futile and foolish. If Republicans themselves choose to compromise their own strong position by trying to raise an issue upon "a new rebellion," and to depend for success upon renewing the passions of the war, they take a very perilous and wholly unnecessary responsibility. The logical and positive Republican position is impregnable. The new voters of the last four years are not to be excited with war appeals and denunciations which arouse the veterans. But the issues of which we speak are perfectly intelligible to them, and can not be set aside as parts of a policy of hate. The legitimate national authority at home as well as abroad, free elections, honest money, and administrative reform—these are cries to which every true American heart will respond.

PRESIDENTIAL PROSPECTS.

The Republican canvass for the Presidential nomination next year has opened with a great deal of vigor. Resolutions have been adopted by the Legislatures of New York and Pennsylvania in honor of General **Grant**, and proposing a State welcome upon his return. Mr. **Boker**, the president of the Union League Club in Philadelphia, upon receiving the new Governor, has made an extraordinary speech, from which it might be inferred that Sumter had been again fired on, and that hostilities had actually begun. Mr. **Hiscock**, also, who has been mentioned as a candidate for the Republican nomination for the Governorship of New York, and who was an anti-**Grant** man of '72, is reported as now an ardent advocate of his nomination, and we know of others of his strong opponents who express the feeling that the situation may be such in 1880 as to compel them to vote for "a strong, quiet hand at the helm." Of course such voters have reflected that if a President should be elected upon that ground, the enemy, who, according to this view, has not been overthrown in eighteen years, will certainly not yield during the next four years, so that it will be necessary to vote for "a strong, quiet hand at the helm" in 1884 also. The feeling for General **Grant** is partly real, partly factitious. It is generally conceded that it is largely due to sincere apprehension of danger to the government. If the course of the Democrats confirms that suspicion, the feeling that demands General **Grant** will deepen. As the apprehension diminishes, the fervor of the *furor* will decline. There will be a great deal of discussion and reflection before the Republican party finally decides to return to the situation and the politics of six or seven years ago, and to destroy the two-term tradition in order to get there. Yet it is evident that there is much the same kind of enthusiasm among Republicans for General **Grant** now that there was for General **Jackson** among Democrats fifty years ago, and it was that enthusiasm which nominated the hero of New Orleans. But it is a question which intelligent Republicans must consider, whether a "hurrah for **Grant**" will necessarily elect him, and whether a "hurrah for **Grant**" is the kind of canvass which they think desirable for the country.

An interesting contribution to the discussion is a letter which we have received containing some striking figures. Our correspondent says: "The first two years that General **Grant** was President the Republicans had a majority of 107 in the House; during the last two years of his term the Democrats had 77 majority in the Lower House of Congress, and that this extraordinary result was not wholly attributable to the shot-gun practice of the South is attested by the following fair samples of the changes that took place in eight of the States of the North, at elections held for Representatives in Congress:

States.	First Two Years of Grant's Term.		Last Two Years of Grant's Term.	
	Rep.	Dem.	Rep.	Dem.
Massachusetts.	10	—	6	5
New York.....	19	12	16	17
New Jersey....	3	2	2	5
Pennsylvania..	18	6	10	17
Ohio..........	14	5	7	13
Indiana........	7	4	5	8
Illinois........	10	4	6	13
Michigan......	6	—	6	3
	87	33	58	81

The above table, taken from the Congressional Directory, shows a gain of 48 members for the Democrats, and a loss to the Republicans of 29 members. The difference in the total numbers is caused by the last apportionment. It may be said that the Congress of the first two years of General **Grant**'s term was chosen before the war feeling had subsided, while the Congress elected during the last two years of his term was chosen after the resentments of the late rebellion had relaxed. Possibly that is true, and that I may do no injustice I will give the result of the Congressional elections held in 1874 and 1878—the middle of **Grant**'s and **Hayes**'s terms respectively—in the States named above:

States.	1874.		1878.	
	Rep.	Dem.	Rep.	Dem.
Massachusetts.	6	5	10	1
New York.....	16	17	24	8
New Jersey....	2	5	4	3
Pennsylvania..	10	17	18	9
Ohio..........	7	13	9	11
Indiana........	5	8	7	6
Illinois........	6	13	12	7
Michigan......	6	3	9	—
	58	81	93	45

Here is a Republican gain of 35, and a Democratic loss of 36, with a vacancy in the **Potter** district of New York."

These are very significant figures, and by the rule which holds administrations responsible for political changes during their term, they are exceedingly creditable to the present Administration. Those of 1874 show, as we said at the time, great Republican dissatisfaction. The causes of that dissatisfaction are familiar. Whether a hurrah would remove them is very questionable, and well worthy the consideration of those who, for the reasons we have given elsewhere, desire the success of the Republican party in 1880. The *Globe-Democrat*, of St. Louis—a paper which had some interesting connection with the Whiskey Ring prosecutions—says, "The best thing *Harper's Weekly* can do is to wheel into line and help to whoop up the boys for the boom." That is undoubtedly a great public duty, and it is delightful to be shown the path of duty by such a Mentor. But it was almost as good a Republican as the *Globe-Democrat* who suggested that it is best not to jump rivers until you come to them.

JOHN A. DIX.

General Dix leaves behind him no more thoroughly trained and experienced public man. Like **John Quincy Adams**, he was from his youth the servant of the state, and he administered every official trust with an ability and a loftiness of personal character which it is well worth while to remember and contemplate as his life ends. He bore the name of a great Federalist, and during his active life he was both a Democrat and a Republican, and always a patriot. Among conspicuous public men, also, he could be called especially a gentleman and a scholar, carrying into his official relations a courtesy and an accomplishment which are oftener ideally associated with public life than actually observed in it. His fondness for the Latin classics and his skill in translation recalled the English rather than the American statesmen; but his sound republican principles, which drew him from his old party when it seemed to him to be identified with an assault upon those principles, kept him always a true American.

Such were his character and capacity that it was never doubted that he was equal to the highest trusts. He had the natural conservatism of a well-balanced mind and a tranquil temperament, and the keenest enjoyment of the great game of public affairs. The war which left him on the Republican side in national politics fostered no harshness of feeling, and when his name was suggested in a Republican Convention for the Governorship, it was at once and warmly accepted even by the ardent partisans who compose such an assembly. His efficiency as Governor was so marked that we recall with pleasure the presentation of his name for that office by this paper just at the close of the war.

Full of years and of honors, modestly asking that his burial should be without ostentatious parade, the faithful soldier and magistrate and citizen died serenely as he had lived, leaving his fellow-citizens the memory of a long and eminent and spotless life for their grateful meditation and incitement to the same upright discharge of every duty.

APPOINTMENTS IN THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.

We have more than once spoken of the admirable management of the New York Post-office, which has now come to be regarded as one of the most efficient great public offices in the country. Our remarks have sometimes elicited private rejoinders and even serious charges against the Postmaster, which we have been able, fortunately, totally to disprove. Our good words have been the more willing because the New York Post-office has been a most prominent and conclusive illustration of the practicability and immense public advantage of a reasonable system of the civil service. We do not mean that political influence has been entirely discarded, but it has been so repressed and subordinated that the Post-office, under its present chief, has not been a political machine. Appointments have been made upon satisfactory evidence of fitness, and removals have taken place only for proved unfitness. No clerk has paid political "contributions" under duress, and declining to pay has in no degree affected official tenure. There have been stated examinations to test skill in the discharge of duty, and promotions have been made fairly by the result of the examinations. The methods of transacting postal business have been the subject of careful study and arrangement, and the improvements have been such, and official thoughtfulness and sagacity and interest in the various departments are so marked, that as a practical business institution the New York Post-office is probably not surpassed by any similar office in the world.

There really remained but one step to take, so far as the Postmaster was concerned. The success of a sensible system has been so great, and its advantages so evident, that there could be no doubt of the wisdom of fully completing it, and that has now been done. Appointments have hitherto been made upon proved fitness, indeed, but with personal influence, which is absolutely unavoidable, and which exposes the appointing officer to endless pressure and interruption, until a competitive system of examination is introduced. That, when honestly administered, puts an end to the great mischief of patronage, and nothing else will. The Postmaster has now decided to introduce the competitive system both for appointment and promotion, and the rules which he has adopted for this purpose have been approved by the President, and the Postmaster-General has directed that they shall go into effect on the 1st of May. The rules are brief, intelligible, and effective. They apply to all places except those of especial pecuniary trust and confidential relation, such as private secretary. All appointments will be made to the lowest grade, and the method of application is carefully defined, and a copy will be furnished to every applicant. When vacancies occur, a certain number of applicants selected from those first upon the register of receipt will be invited to a competitive examination, and the Board of Examiners will present to the Postmaster "a list of the names of the successful candidates in the order of their excellence as shown by the examination, beginning with the highest, and the appointments will be made from the three highest names upon the list." Promotions will be made in every division from among competitors within the division.

By this simple scheme, honestly administered—and of that there is no question—all the evils and vexations of the old system will be avoided. The rules have been adopted not upon any merely theoretical and visionary preference, but after careful experience and observation. The common sneer at a sensible system of the civil service, that it is an impracticable fancy, is disposed of by the fact that by its partial operation the greatest Post-office in the country has become renowned as a model of efficiency, and that long trial is so satisfactory that the partial is now to yield to the complete system.

BAYONETS AT THE POLLS.

Patriotic Democrats like Mr. Bayard, who argue the pending question of defense of the ballot-box as if it were an abstract proposition, apparently forget the important facts. The demand for prohibiting national protection of voters at the polls comes from those who are themselves responsible for unlawfully and forcibly excluding voters from the polls, and for stuffing the boxes with tissue ballots. These persons naturally desire to be free from any control. They feel that they are justified in using any means to escape negro domination. When they demand the exclusion of the national authority, they propose that the States shall take care of the elections. But *they* are the States. Why did not the States suppress the Ku-Klux? Why did not the States arrest and punish the bulldozers? Because these very persons who decry the bayonet at the polls compose the rifle clubs at the polls, and the juries who try alleged offenders, and the public opinion which lies behind all. The most recent and impartial evidence upon this point is the second paper of Sir George Campbell, M.P. He says—and it is the general opinion of observers—that violence and disturbance in the Southern States since the war have been due to the white minority, not to the freedmen. The rifle clubs, he says, are an armed political organization outside of the militia, and the excuse for its terrorization has been that negro or carpet-bag rule was so wicked as to justify any kind of redress. But he was unable to find that the "black Legislatures" made bad laws, and the real trouble was general corruption. Sir George says distinctly that it was well understood that "the Democrats were determined to win every thing in the South." He states that there was perfect frankness in speaking of the way in which things were managed in the election of last autumn, and he was there at the time. "There was not a very great amount of violence or intimidation." "Great Democratic majorities were obtained by the simple process of what is called 'stuffing the ballot-boxes.'" Nobody pretended that the tissue ballots were designed for any other purpose than that of fraud. In one district, where not more than a thousand persons voted, there were more than three thousand ballots in the box. In other districts the number of polling-places was so reduced that it was impossible for all to vote who wished. At other polls the inspectors kept away. "In short," says this perfectly unprejudiced observer, "I have no hesitation in saying, as matter within my own knowledge, that if these elections had taken place in England, there were irregularities which must have vitiated them before an election judge a hundred times over."

Now when ballot-box stuffers by their representatives demand the repeal of existing national safeguards of the ballot-box, on the ground that it is incompatible with free government, and unconstitutional, and that the States will take care of the matter, we say, and every sensible man will say, that it is a mere pretense, and that the demand really is one for unrestricted cheating. The vital point is a free and fair election; but no one who demands the repeal of the safeguards has shown any interest in that point. If arms at the polls are so obnoxious, why is all the protest levelled against the arms of the United States, which are not even charged with intimidation, and not a word against those of rifle clubs and "red shirts," which are confessedly present to intimidate? If the party which inveighs so loudly against bayonets at the polls were not the very party which brings them there, and for an unlawful purpose, it might expect that its position would be respected, and its plea of redressing grievances and of threatened liberty would be heard with patience. But who have grievances in this matter? The whites or the blacks? Who threatens liberty? The whites or the blacks? The constitutional question is not properly raised by those who raise it to secure immunity for bulldozing. When it is raised, the Constitution, if doubtful, is to be interpreted favorably to liberty. Sir George Campbell, in commenting upon the seats in Congress obtained by fraud in the late election in the Southern States, says (and it is but the common-sense of the question, which we commend to the attention of Mr. Bayard and his friends): "Not only are nearly balanced parties much affected, but in case of a struggle over the next Presidential election, these votes might just turn the scale, and the question whether there is any remedy practically available to redress wrongs which are, I may almost say, admitted, puts in issue the wider question whether the Fifteenth Amendment of the United States Constitution, securing equal electoral rights to the blacks, is really to be enforced, or whether it may be set aside in practice by the action of individual States. Is, in fact, the settlement at the end of the war to be maintained or surrendered?" And he adds, what every intelligent American also sees: "There never can be peace, quiet, and safety in the United States till a mode of settling disputed elections is arranged, and this question of the black vote is definitively laid at rest."

In a word, experience has shown that the elections in certain States are unfair, and that the controlling opinion of those States does not wish them to be fair. If, therefore, every form and degree of national supervision be withdrawn from those States, the knowledge of the country that the election of a majority in Congress or a President has been determined by such States would inevitably produce a situation which no good citizen wishes to see. It is true, as Senator Davis says, that we need rest from sectional passion. But if our statement be correct, can he or any other honorable man assert that the States in question are not responsible for arousing those passions?

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

The transfer of the gallery of the Metropolitan Museum of Art to the spacious building in the Central Park is well chosen by the trustees as the occasion for a public statement of their purposes and wishes. The importance of the Museum is not measured by the entertainment that it affords, but by its service to the industrial arts, and by the art education which it furnishes. It is an institution of which the city is justly proud, and which helps to give the city a truly metropolitan character. The statement of the trustees deserves careful attention. To increase the power and influence of the institution, they desire:

> "To form, as heretofore, loan collections of pictures, statuary, and other objects of art similar to the practice of the Kensington Museum; to obtain carefully selected series of casts of antique and modern sculpture for the use of art students; to increase and perfect its collection of art antiquities and archæological specimens; to make large additions to the collection of pottery and porcelain; to purchase architectural models, with casts of valuable examples; to establish a collection exhibiting the progress and position of the industrial arts; to include in compact form in each department the raw material, the material in process of manufacture, and the completed work, with models or samples of the tools and machinery used—this collection to comprise, among other articles, gems, gold and silver work, bronzes and other metal-work, household decorations, such as paper-hangings, pressed leather, furniture, textile fabrics, book-binding, lace, dyes, and stained glass.
>
> "To carry out these and other like purposes, the trustees ask from the citizens of New York the sum of $150,000, subscription to be payable when $100,000 shall have been subscribed, with the understanding that the first general application of the money will be:
>
> "To purchase the Avery collection of porcelain; to buy the King collection of gems; to purchase casts; to purchase architectural models; to purchase archæological antiquities; to purchase examples of fabrics, and start a school of design for the arts and trades; to establish a system of prize medals or awards; to create a fund for lectures on art.
>
> "Subscribers may designate, if they so desire, the objects to which their donations shall be applied. Subscriptions can also be made payable one-half in the present year and one-half in 1880."

If some of the taste and the wealth which enrich so many private houses with rare and beautiful and valuable objects of art were given to this public collection, the result would be of inestimable advantage. It is a noble form of public spirit, and even of philanthropy, to which the intelligence and riches of New York will not be indifferent.

PERSONAL.

Personal friends of Mr. Pierre Lorillard at the Union Club say that the three races won by his horse Parole in England have netted him about $250,000, and that the horse won on his merits, without getting any thing approaching advantage at the start or turns in the course. In the last twenty-eight years only three horses in England have done what Parole has done in a week. Mr. Lorillard's horse Duke of Magenta is known among racing men here as an animal of very great speed and endurance, and if he continues in the same fine condition that he is in at present, is expected to make a sensation and success equal to that of Parole.

—The Right Rev. Dr. Potter, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York, is to be presented with a testimonial on the 22d of November next, on the occasion of the completion of the first twenty-five years of his administration of the diocese. The ceremonial is to take place in Trinity Church, where he was consecrated. The precise character of the testimonial has not yet been decided upon. There are at present sixty-three bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. Bishop Potter is ninth on the list in point of seniority. Those above him are Smith, of Kentucky, presiding bishop; Whittingham, of Maryland; Lee, of Delaware; Southgate (unattached); Green, of Mississippi; Williams, of Connecticut; Atkinson, of North Carolina; and Kip, of California.

—Mr. Edison continues to hold the attention of the leading scientific men of Europe. His loud-speaking telephone has excited great interest. At a recent meeting of the Fellows of the Royal Society, communication was established between the Royal Institution and Burlington House, with Professor Tyndall at one end of the wire and Professor Huxley at the other. The voice is said to have been audible over the whole of a large room.

—Speaking of General Dix's activity when Governor of this State, the Albany *Journal* says: "While Governor, at seventy-five, he outworked any of his subordinates. He personally examined every matter with care, and his work was as prompt and conscientious as it was thorough. When, on one occasion, reviewing with a young Senator a large batch of local measures, the wearied Senator, near midnight, proposed adjournment, the venerable Executive, still fresh, insisted upon closing up the task, and worked on for hours later."

—A dinner was given in London, at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the 16th of March, by a society entitled "The Odd Volumes," of which Mr. Quaritch, the well-known bookseller, is president. Among the invited guests were Mr. Bullen, of the British Museum, Mr. George Augustus Sala, Mr. Edmund Yates, the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, and other literary celebrities.

—A few months ago Mr. Robert Turner, of London, an amateur in fine books finely bound, sent his collection to Paris for sale. So eager were the Parisians for its gems that he realized by its sale over $55,000. Its original cost was about $10,000.

—Dr. C. P. Carver, of Angelica, Alleghany County, New York, owns a small road-horse so peculiarly marked that when he buckles a surcingle around him there is not a hair back of it that is not snow-white, and not a square inch in front of it that is not a beautiful iron-gray. One eye is like that of a white horse, the other like that of a black horse.

—The late Richard Henry Dana, describing a dinner many years ago at Mr. Bryant's, said: "After dinner, Halleck and I talked monarchism, with nobility and a third order—enough to prevent despotism, nothing more. Bryant sat by hearing us. 'Why,' said he, 'you are not in earnest?' 'Never more so,' was our answer. Bryant still holds to simple democracy, I believe. How far Mr. Halleck may have modified his creed, I know not. For myself, I am only better than ever satisfied what an incorrigible creature man is to govern under the wisest adopted forms. But man will have to come to orders and degrees at last."

—Mr. John Russell Young, who accompanies General Grant in his around-the-world tour, and whose letters to the *Herald* are extremely bright and entertaining, is said to have been very popular with the officers of the U. S. ship *Vandalia*, on account of his good nature. He had to sleep in a hammock swung under one of the hatches, and said he always knew when it was morning, because the water with which the decks were being scrubbed would trickle through upon him, so that he got wetted.

—According to Mr. B. Chambers, of the Post-office Department at Washington, there are 4000 women postmasters in the United States, and the number is on the increase. They never defalcate.

—A gentleman in Lockport, New York, writing to the Buffalo *Courier*, alludes anecdotically to President Taylor, who dressed plainly and liked retirement. His son, the late General Richard Taylor, was, on the contrary, fond of dress and public life. The simplicity of General Taylor was exemplified when Mr. Clayton, his Secretary of State, waited upon him to do his first official act, in connection with the search after Sir John Franklin. "Yes," said Taylor, "we ought to do something, for this country is much indebted to him for his services in gaining independence."

—Mr. George H. Peabody states that the homes for the London poor, so munificently provided for by the late George Peabody, have been a most encouraging success. The sound of the trowel has never ceased since Mr. Peabody's death in their erection, and yet now that ten thousand people are taken in and provided for, the original gift of $3,000,000 is nearly as large as ever. Mr. Peabody once remarked: "I can not understand why, if this fund of mine, small though it be, is properly managed, it should not within the next fifty or seventy-five years, which is a short time in the life of a great city, take in all the worthy poor of London."

—The late James Smith, of Philadelphia, bequeathed $20,000 each to the American Home Missionary Society and the American Missionary Association, $15,000 to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and $3000 each to the American Education Society and the American Congregational Union.

—At the conclusion of a lecture recently given by Mr. Bret Harte at Brighton, England, he was presented with an illuminated address from the principal members of the local press. Afterward he underwent a luncheon from the Mayor, at which Aldermen assisted.

—Mr. Labouchere, in *Truth*, gives this sketch of the late Mr. Spencer Cowper, who some years ago married a belle of this city, Miss Jessie MacLean: "He was rich, clever, good-natured, and had all that fortune could give him, but he was always discontented because he was short and wished to be tall. Had Heaven added one or two inches to his stature, he would have been a different man. Not only did he wear high heels outside of his boots, but high heels inside of them."

—It is a curious and not altogether creditable fact that in Great Britain, of all countries in the world, the pay of good librarians should be so small. Recently at Edinburgh, when a successor was required to the late distinguished literary antiquarian Dr. David Laign in the charge of the Advocates' Library, one of the most important of London, comprising some 200,000 volumes, the salary offered was the pittance of $1250; and it is stated by so competent an authority as Mr. Welford that there are probably not six gentlemen in the position of librarians in the United Kingdom who receive as much as $2500 per annum. Mr. Welford also states that the catalogue of Mr. Henry Huth's library, now in process of completion, will probably form five large octavo volumes. Another catalogue, to form several volumes, is being printed of the library of Mr. Christie Miller, at Britwell, in Oxfordshire, probably the richest of any extant private collection in old English poetry, the drama, and *belles-lettres*, and is famous for the beauty of the condition of the books that it comprises. Mr. Miller was an old gentleman popularly known as "Measure" Miller, because he was so alive to the advantages of a "tall copy" that he never bought a choice book without ascertaining its dimensions by means of a pocket rule, his inseparable companion.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: In the House, April 22, 1385 bills were introduced and referred. This is the largest number ever presented in Congress in one day. Many of them related to the currency and the tariff, and there were some for the repeal of legislation growing out of the war. A large majority, however, were of a private nature—to grant pensions and pay claims. Nine-tenths of these failed in the previous Congress.—On the 23d, the House passed the Stephens Subsidiary Silver Bill. The amendments proposing to make the trade dollar legal tender and to re-issue paper fractional currency were withdrawn. The bill as passed provides that holders of fractional silver coins, on presenting them in sums of $20, or any multiple thereof, at the office of any Assistant Treasurer, may receive therefor lawful money, and that such coins shall be exchanged at Sub-Treasuries for lawful money in like sums upon demand. This makes minor silver coins and other lawful money of the United States interchangeable in sums of $20. The third section provides that these coins shall be a legal tender for all dues, public and private, in all sums not exceeding $20; and the fourth section makes all United States coins of the face value of twenty-five cents and under receivable at all post-offices for postage or postage-stamps in sums not exceeding $3.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Russian government is taking extraordinary measures for the suppression of Socialism. A ukase has been published ordering the appointment of Governors-General, with despotic powers, over six districts surrounding the largest cities in the empire—St. Petersburg, Kharkov, Odessa, Moscow, Kief, and Warsaw. The reason given is that recent events have shown that there exists in Russia a band of criminals who aim at undermining the state. After referring to the murderous attacks upon high officials and the attempted assassination of the Emperor, the ukase continues: "These crimes have necessitated the provisional adoption of exceptional measures in order to permit of exemplary punishment of guilty persons, and provide government officials with the necessary powers for maintaining order."—Following the ukase came an official decree appointing provisionally General Gourkho Governor-General of St. Petersburg, General Todleben Governor-General of Odessa, and General Loris Melikoff Governor-General of Kharkov.—Immediately upon his appointment General Gourkho ordered all gun-makers in St. Petersburg to send lists of their stock to the city commandant, and to sell only to persons presenting special authorization, under penalty of confiscation of stock and prohibition of trade. Private persons possessing arms can only retain them by special permission. Porters must be kept at the doors of all houses, day and night, to prevent the posting of placards and scattering of explosives in the streets. Two thousand arrests have been made in the last few days. The well-known novelist Turguéneff has been expelled from Russia.

The British garrison under Colonel Pearson, shut up at Ekowe for so long a time, was at length relieved April 3. The relief column had a desperate battle with 11,000 of the enemy on the way, on the 1st, but the Zulus were finally defeated with great loss.

The returns from the Spanish elections show the following: Ministerialists elected, 275; Constitutionalists, 32; members of other parties, 38. Among the Deputies elect are Señors Castelar, Sagasta, Echegaray, and Martos. A great number of electors abstained from voting.

A fire-damp explosion in the Agrappe coal-pit, near Mons, Belgium, April 17, killed 117 miners.

A considerable force of Albanians invaded Servia, but they were driven out after a desperate struggle, in which many were killed. All the Christian inhabitants of Kurshumly are said to have been massacred.

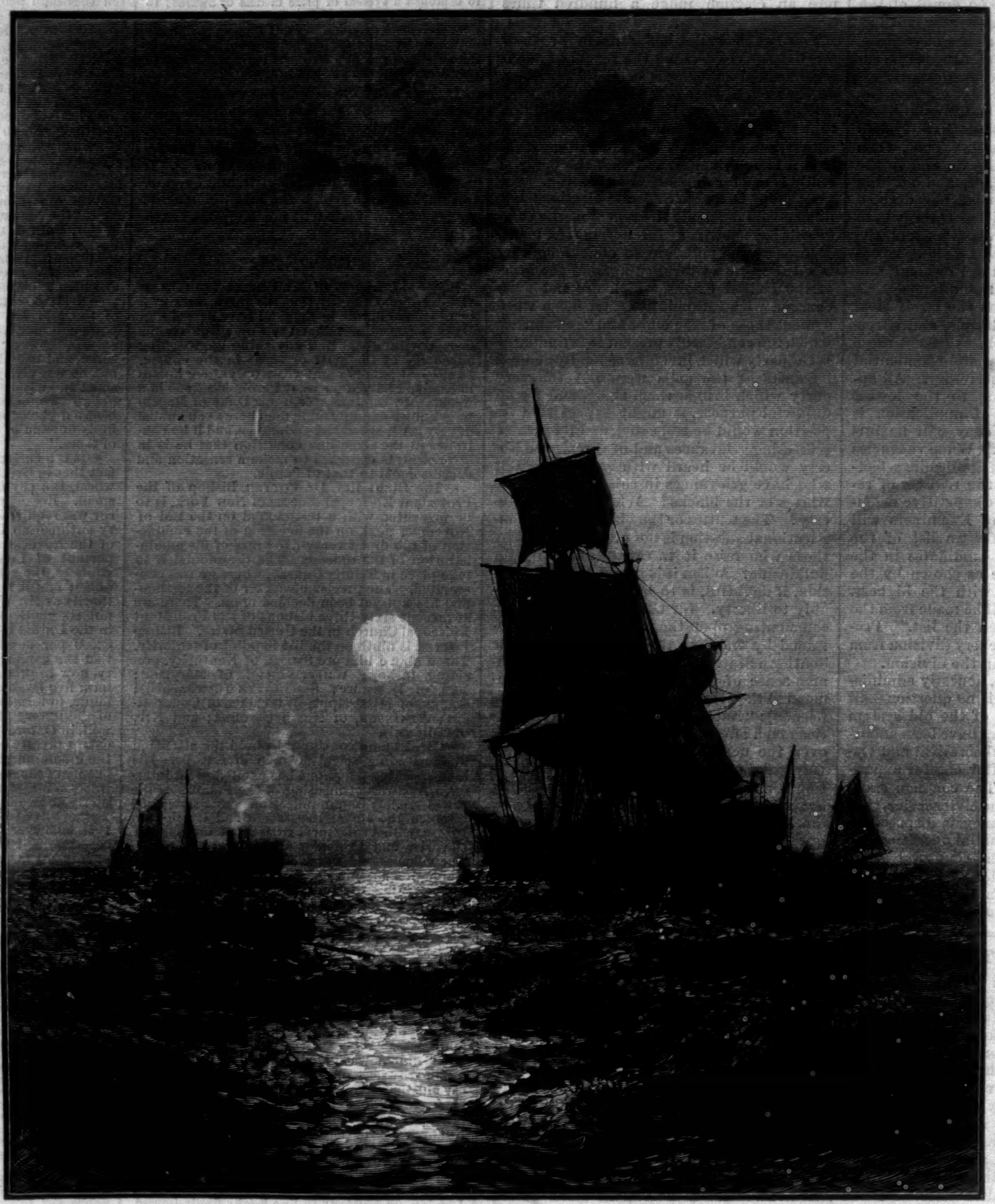
The Khedive of Egypt has established a Council of State under the presidency of a native, who will also be president of the Council of Ministers. There will be two European vice-presidents, and five European and five native members, with two native lawyers. The Council will prepare bills to be submitted to the Chamber of Delegates, but will not interfere with the English and French Comptrollers-General. The vice-presidents will have a deliberative voice in the Council of Ministers during the discussion of bills. The Khedive himself will preside when engagements on the part of the government are discussed.

THE ACADEMY.

Our selections from the Academy Exhibition this week are both from the North Room, and are numbered respectively 163 and 154 in the catalogue. The picture by **De Haas** is a very striking example of his skill in the handling of marine subjects. Our engraving exhibits the painter's power of composition and drawing, and also the feeling and sentiment of the picture; but one must see the painting itself to perceive the full glory of the light effect on the waves, as the moonbeams illuminate the surface of the ocean, and form a pathway of light between the disabled ship and the drifting boat. Mr. **De Haas** is almost always happy in the composition of his paintings, as well as in force of handling. The graphic quality of his work makes his pictures their own best interpreters, and leaves very little to be done in the way of description or explanation.

It is very difficult to give in black and white any idea of the beauty and refinement of color and tone that characterize the pictures of Mr. S. R. **Gifford**, and which constitute some of their greatest charms. He is probably of all our American artists the most subtle colorist in landscape, and it is doubtful if in this quality he has a living rival in Europe. The example we have selected is by no means one of his most important works, nor is it the best specimen of his pictures in the present Exhibition, but it happens to be one which could be rendered in wood-engraving with the least loss of the original effect of sunlight and warmth.

Mr. **Gifford**'s early ambition was to be a figure painter, and to fit himself for that profession he made a diligent study of anatomy, as well as of drawing and perspective; but he soon discovered that the bent of his genius was for landscape, to which he determined to devote himself. He became an Associate of the National Academy in 1851, and three years afterward an Academician. He spent the summer of 1855 in England and Scotland, the following winter in Paris, and the next summer made a pedestrian tour through Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and Italy. After this extended journey, during which he made the best use of his time in study and sketching, he passed the winter of 1856 in Rome. The following summer, in company with **Albert Bierstadt**, he made a sketching tour through the Abruzzi and around Naples, and subsequently visited the more picturesque regions of Austria. The civil war in this country diverted him for a time from the peaceful life of the studio; he became a member of the Seventh New York Regiment, which he accompanied to the field in 1861 and in the two following years. Since the close of the war Mr. **Gifford** has made several foreign tours, extending to Greece, Syria, and Egypt, whence he has drawn the material of some of his most important works. He does not, however, neglect the landscape of America. The glorious scenery of the Hudson, of Lake George, and other picturesque regions of his own country has been faithfully delineated by his pencil.



"AFTER THE COLLISION—MOONRISE."—M. F. H. De Haas.

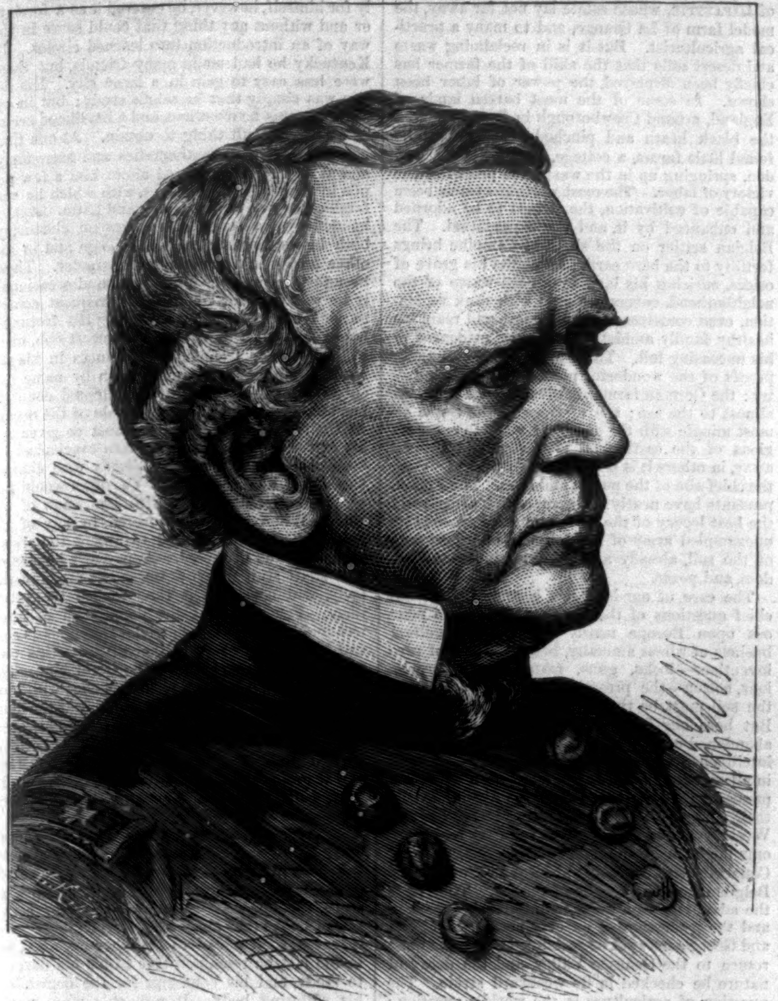
GENERAL JOHN A. DIX.

At a few minutes before twelve o'clock, on the evening of April 21, death closed the long and honorable career of a man whose memory will always be held in high regard by his countrymen. Distinguished as a soldier and as a statesman, as a man whose patriotism was superior to party ties and to personal ambition, **John A. Dix** has gone to his grave without the shadow of a reproach upon his name, and regretted and honored by all whose approbation and regard are worthy of attention.

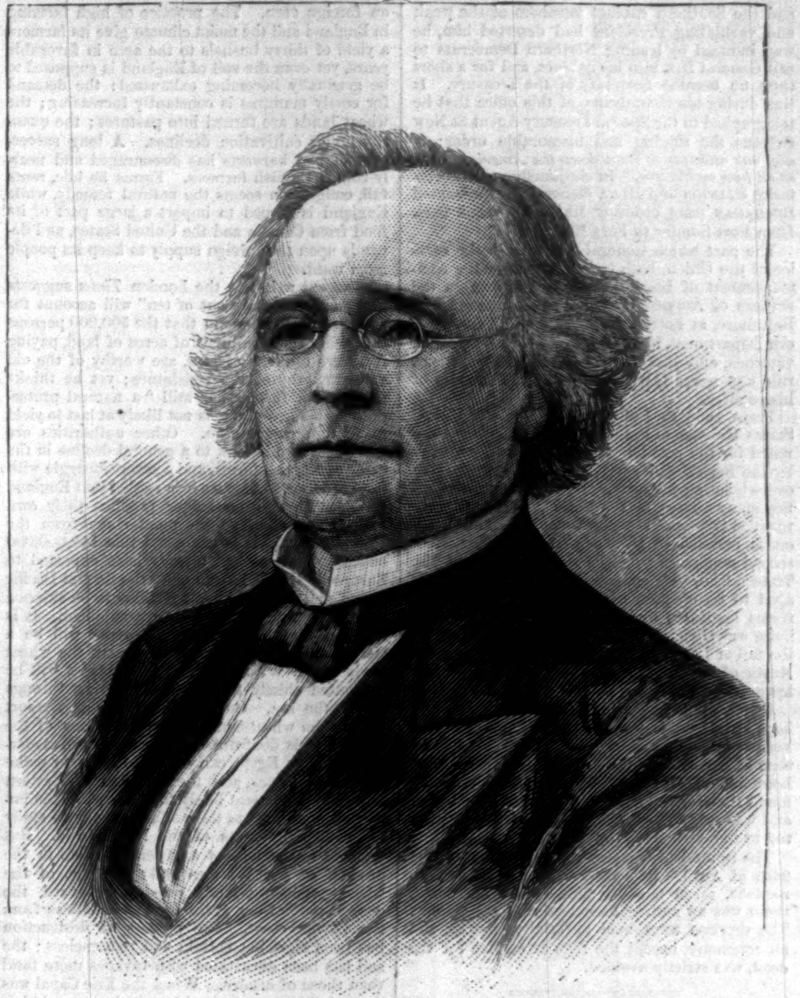
He was born at Boscawen, New Hampshire, on the 24th of July, 1798. His father, who was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the United States Army, and an ardent Federalist, named him after President **John Adams**, and appears to have designed him from early childhood for the profession of arms. At the age of thirteen he was sent to college at Montreal, but on the outbreak of the war of 1812 he was recalled, and appointed a Cadet in the United States Army. His duties were at first confined, however, to acting as clerk to his father, who was then on recruiting service at Baltimore. In the spring of 1813 he was commissioned an Ensign in his father's regiment, the Fourteenth Infantry, which was stationed at Sackett's Harbor. He rose rapidly in the service; and in June, 1814, having received a Second Lieutenant's commission, he was transferred to an artillery regiment commanded by Colonel **Walback**, to whose staff he was attached. While in this position he was made Adjutant of an independent battalion of nine companies under command of Major **Upham**, with which he descended the St. Lawrence in an expedition remarkable for the severity of its hardships and its misfortunes. In 1816, after the close of the war, he was appointed a First Lieutenant; in 1819 he became Aide-de-camp to General **Brown**; two years after, he was transferred to the First Artillery, shortly after to the Third, and in this regiment he was promoted to a Captaincy in 1825. In 1826—being then twenty-eight years of age—he married, and retired from the army, after fourteen years' continuous service.

Even before leaving the army he had filled up all his leisure hours with the study of law, which he then pursued with unremitting industry; in

"VILLA MALTA, ROME."—S. R. Gifford.



GENERAL JOHN ADAMS DIX.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. W. BOGARDUS.



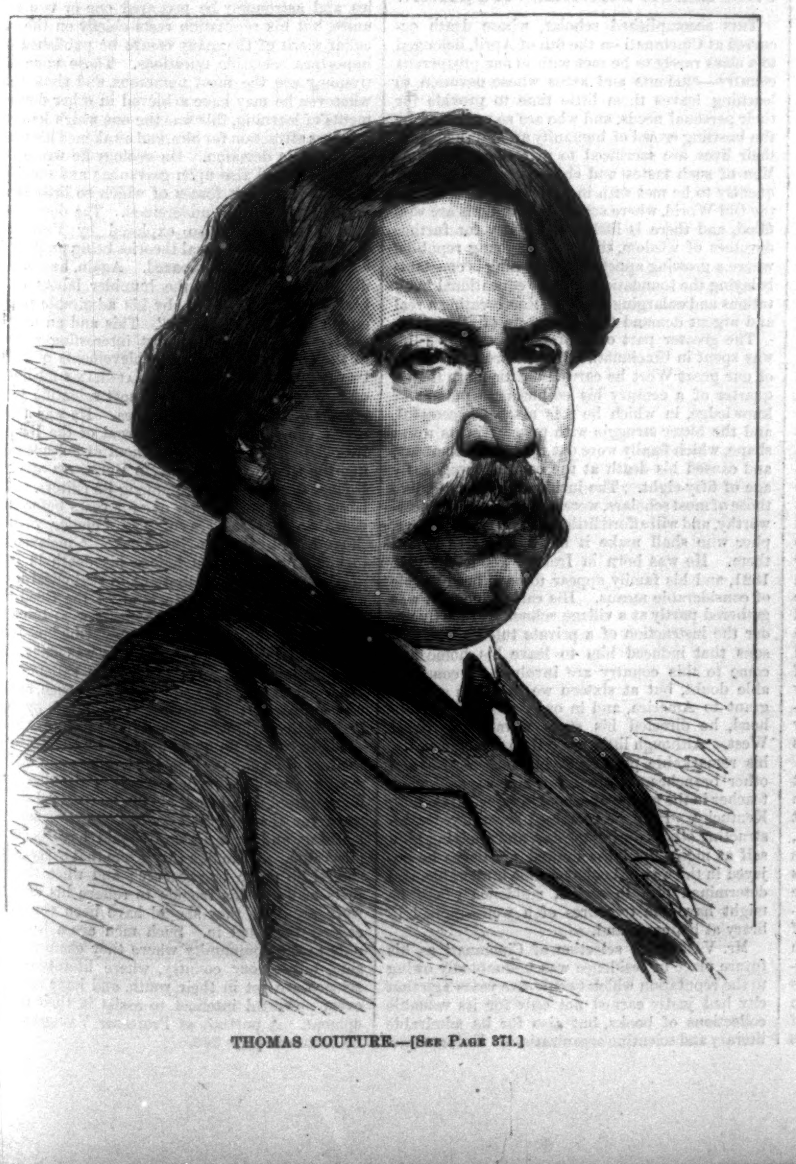
THE HON. HAMILTON W. ROBINSON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. KURTZ.—[SEE PAGE 366.]

1828 he was admitted to the bar, and established himself in practice at Cooperstown, in this State. Here he at once engaged warmly in political affairs, allying himself with the Jacksonian party. His zealous advocacy of the election of General JACKSON to the Presidency attracted the attention of Governor THROOP, by whom he was appointed in 1830 Adjutant-General of the State. In this position he did much to improve the efficiency of the State militia. Three years afterward he was elected Secretary of State for New York—an office which then made the incumbent a Regent of the University, a member of the Board of Public Instruction, of the Canal Board, and a Commissioner of the Canal Fund. The duties of all these important offices he discharged with great vigor and sagacity.

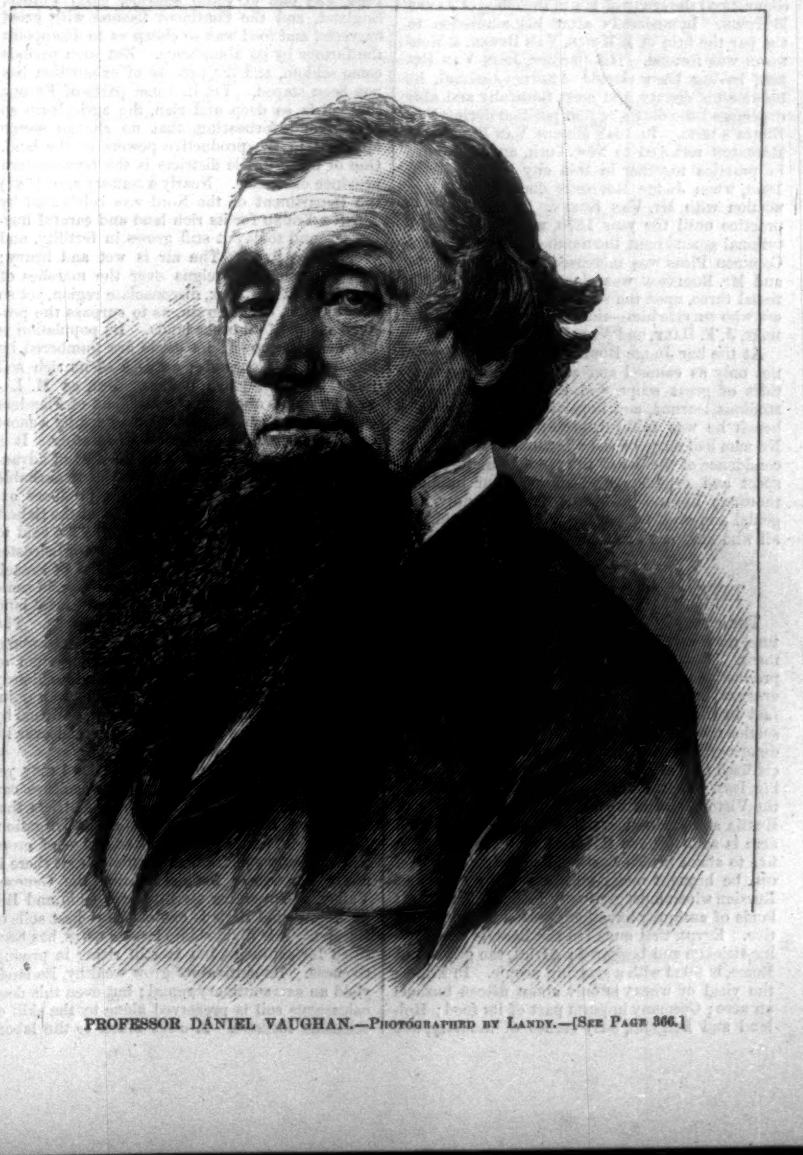
In 1841 and 1842 General DIX represented Albany County in the Legislature. In 1844, on his return from a European tour undertaken for the benefit of his wife's health, he was elected to the United States Senate, to fill the unexpired term of SILAS WRIGHT. He took his seat in January, 1845, and was made chairman of the Committee on Commerce, and a member of the Committee on Military Affairs. His record was one of honorable activity. The slavery question was at that time assuming an importance in politics it had never known before. General DIX took a leading part as a Free-soil Democrat, and in all the great conflicts of the day he was always found on the side of right and justice.

In the fall of 1848 he was the Free-soil Democratic candidate for Governor of New York, but was defeated by HAMILTON FISH. The following year his term as Senator expired, and Governor Seward was elected to succeed him. Having rendered great service to General FRANKLIN PIERCE while that gentleman was running for the Presidency, he was by him offered the position of United States Secretary of State. Southern Democratic leaders, to whom his Free-soil principles were obnoxious, made it impossible for him to take the office, and they also contrived to make him decline the appointment of Minister to France. For a short time after PIERCE became President, General DIX held the position of Assistant United States Treasurer in New York, but, disgusted by the subserviency of the administration to the insolence of the slave power, he soon tendered his resignation of the place.

It was not until 1859 that General DIX again accepted a public office. In that year President BUCHANAN appointed him postmaster of New York, in place of FOWLER, who had absconded. When the threats of civil war were culminating,



THOMAS COUTURE.—[SEE PAGE 371.]



PROFESSOR DANIEL VAUGHAN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LANDY.—[SEE PAGE 366.]

and the Southern cabinet members of the weak and vacillating President had deserted him, he was induced by leading Northern Democrats to call General Dix into his cabinet, and for a short time he became Secretary of the Treasury. It was during his incumbency of this office that he telegraphed to the Special Treasury Agent at New Orleans the ringing and memorable order: *If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot.* In conjunction with Secretaries Stanton and Holt, General Dix prevented Buchanan from ordering Major Anderson back from Fort Sumter to Fort Moultrie.

The part which General Dix took in the service of the Union, both before and after the commencement of hostilities, is well known to the readers of *Harper's Weekly*. As commander at Baltimore, at Fortress Monroe, and of the Eastern Department, he proved himself to be a stern, vigorous, and just military administrator, whose rule was never feared except by the enemies of his country.

From 1866 to 1869 General Dix was United States Minister to France. In 1872 he was nominated for the position of Governor of New York by the Republican party, and was elected by an overwhelming majority. During his term of office many abuses in the State government were rectified through his energetic policy. The Democratic reaction in 1874 caused his defeat, on a second nomination, and he was succeeded by Mr. Tilden, who, with characteristic adroitness, managed to be credited with the results of the reforms instituted by his predecessor. Only once more was General Dix a candidate for office. In the fall of 1876 he ran against Mr. Smith Ely for Mayor of New York. He led a forlorn hope, and his defeat was a foregone conclusion.

General Dix was a fine classical scholar, and kept up his studies to the last. He was also a keen sportsman, and spent much of his leisure time at his country house at the eastern end of Long Island. With all his fondness for work, he found time for the exercise of elegant hospitality, and was greatly beloved by all who were admitted to the circle of his friends.

The funeral of General Dix took place on the 24th of April. In accordance with his own directions, given a short time before his death, there was an entire absence of military display. The services were held in Trinity Church, and all ceremony, except the regular service for the dead, was strictly avoided.

THE LATE JUDGE ROBINSON.

Hamilton W. Robinson, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas for the city and county of New York, died at his residence in this city April 7, 1879. He was a son of James W. Robinson, who arrived in this city from Ireland July 11, 1804, on the day when Alexander Hamilton received Burr's fatal bullet at Weehawken. Judge Robinson was born at Hudson, New York, November 25, 1814, and was a namesake of the illustrious Hamilton. His parents having removed to Albany, young Hamilton Robinson became a pupil at the Albany Academy in the year 1826, and was there fitted for college. He there exhibited the same studious and industrious character which distinguished him in after-life. He graduated at Union College in 1832, and then commenced the study of law in the office of James M'Kown. Immediately after his admission to the bar the firm of M'Kown, Van Buren, & Robinson was formed. His partner, John Van Buren, having been elected Attorney-General, he became his deputy, and most faithfully and ably discharged the duties of that position during Van Buren's term. In 1848 Messrs. Van Buren and Robinson removed to New York, and continued in practice together in this city until the year 1858, when Judge Robinson dissolved his connection with Mr. Van Buren. He remained in practice until the year 1870, when, by a constitutional amendment, the number of judges of the Common Pleas was increased from three to six, and Mr. Robinson was elected one of the additional three, upon the same ticket with three others who survive him—the present Judges Larremore, J. F. Daly, and Van Brunt.

At the bar Judge Robinson attained eminence not only as counsel and adviser in business affairs of great scope and importance, but as a studious, learned, and impartial referee. On the bench he was faithful, prompt, and courteous. No man had more of the affectionate respect and confidence of the bar or the public than he—a respect and confidence which his clear intellect, thorough knowledge, strong sense of duty, and genial and even temper never failed to inspire in all who knew him as a man or as a judge.

THE CARE OF THE LAND.

The care of the land, the interests of agriculture, may well be the chief aim of every government. The life of nations is in their farms. The productiveness of the soil must be maintained, or every other interest perishes. Yet it is a striking fact in the condition of all the grain-producing sections of the world that the land is steadily deteriorating, and the yield of wheat, on which civilized men are supposed chiefly to feed, is growing less. In the fertile fields on the banks of the Vistula, and in nearly all the wheat lands of Russia and Roumania, the yearly produce of each acre is said to have fallen already from twenty-five to about fifteen bushels, and unless new land can be brought under cultivation, the supply of Russian wheat must gradually decline. The wheat lands of antiquity have long ceased to be productive. Egypt, that once fed the East, is now famine-stricken and beggared; Africa, the granary of Rome, is filled with a starving people. In France the yield of wheat is only about fifteen bushels an acre; Germany imports part of its food; Holland and Belgium, busy scenes of industry, live on foreign corn. The practice of high farming in England and the moist climate give its farmers a yield of thirty bushels to the acre in favorable years, yet even the soil of England is supposed to be gradually becoming exhausted: the demand for costly manures is constantly increasing; the wheat lands are turned into pastures; the quantity under cultivation declines. A long succession of bad harvests has discouraged and nearly ruined English farmers. Farms lie idle, rents fall, emigration seems the natural remedy, while England is forced to import a large part of its food from Canada and the United States, and depends upon the foreign supply to keep its people from want.

A recent writer in the London *Times* suggests that "six bad years out of ten" will account for the present depression; that the 500,000 persons occupying thirty millions of acres of land, paying forty-five millions of rent, are worthy of the aid and sympathy of the legislature; yet he thinks the English farmer has still "a natural protection" in his favor, and is not likely at last to yield to foreign competition. Other authorities are less hopeful, and look to a general decline in the value of English farms, and a severe struggle with foreign labor. At least it is settled that England and Europe can no longer produce their own food. The chief supply must come from the United States. It is estimated that 140,000,000 bushels of wheat had already been exported to Europe by March 1 from our Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and a large amount remains to be shipped before the foreign markets are supplied. It is believed that this European demand will be a lasting one, and that for many years the wheat lands of our Western and Pacific States will be cultivated chiefly to feed the laboring throngs across the sea. Ours is almost the last resort left to the wheat-consuming populations of the world. It is doubtful if Australia, South America, India, or Egypt can be relied upon to make up the deficiency, and the harvests of Eastern Europe do not seem likely to increase. It is important, therefore, to the welfare of man to study the future prospects of the New World. But here we are struck by a general decline in the product of our Western soil: the belt of the wheat-producing lands recedes westward, the greater part of our grain for export comes from the Pacific coast. The process of destruction has been slow, but certain and remorseless; the soil has been devastated with ravages more fatal than those of armies. When the Erie Canal was opened, the great channel by which the world has been fed for fifty years, an acre of land in the Genesee Valley produced from twenty-five to thirty bushels; it has now declined to twelve or fifteen. In Ohio, fifty years ago almost a wilderness, the average yield of wheat is under twelve bushels an acre. Even Illinois feels the decay, and much of the finest land of California has been exhausted by too rapid crops. In the south of France the land is sometimes so wasted as to produce only buckwheat and rye. On the Sea of Azov some of the richest soil of Russia has sunk almost to a level with the Genesee Valley and Ohio flats. Every where the progress of exhaustion marks the cultivation of wheat.

Now and then come years of plenty even to the worn soils of Europe; the season, the atmosphere, seem to inspire them with new life. In 1863 and 1864 was one of these seasons, when France, England, and the Continent teemed with great harvests, and food was so cheap as to disappoint the farmer by its abundance. But such periods come seldom, and the process of exhaustion has not been stayed. Yet in some parts of Europe the soil is so deep and rich, the agriculture so careful and forbearing, that no change seems apparent in the productive powers of the land. One of these fertile districts is the northeastern province of France. Nearly a century ago (1789) the Department of the Nord was celebrated by Arthur Young for its rich land and careful husbandry, and to-day it still grows in fertility, and ever excels itself. The air is wet and heavy; perpetual moisture reigns over the marshes of Flanders; it is a dark, disconsolate region, yet so rich in men, cattle, grain, as to surpass the productiveness of all other lands. Its population is the densest known; its cattle are numbered by hundreds of thousands; an acre of its rich soil rents for twenty-five dollars. But, as M. Lavergne points out, even the rare land of Flanders and Hainault has only been preserved by a most careful and intelligent method of farming. It is fertilized year by year with all the aids of advancing science. One singular fact in this remarkable region is that its dense population produces excessive pauperism, and in the midst of the richest soil of Europe one-third of its people are said to live on alms. In England the counties of Leicester and Warwick rival the productiveness of French Flanders and Hainault. In Staffordshire, in some of the rich pasture districts, five acres of fat land have been sold for six hundred pounds. The south of France has some valuable land around Avignon, due chiefly to an admirable system of irrigation introduced by the popes, and Lombardy and the north of Italy have maintained an uninterrupted fertility for many centuries, enriched by a wonderful series of canals that spread over its soil the Alpine streams and torrents.

These examples show that good land may yet be preserved, and that scientific agriculture can secure a valuable return even from districts that have been tilled for centuries; that irrigation, fertilization, and a proper interchange of crops will save any soil from exhaustion; that there is no real necessity for devastating the Genesee Valley, or spreading sterility over Ohio and Illinois. Around Paris is one of the richest soils of Europe. It is divided into large estates, has been tilled for centuries, but is still rising in productiveness. Its cultivators grow wealthy, its lands yield an extraordinary rental; but even this deep calcareous soil is preserved alone by the skill of scientific farmers. It owes much to the labors of Lafayette, whose estate lay not far away, the model farm of La Grange, and to many a practical agriculturist. But it is in reclaiming waste and desert soils that the skill of the farmer has chiefly been displayed, the power of labor been shown. In some of the most barren lands of England, around Crowborough in Sussex, amidst the black heath and pinched bracken, will be found little farms, a cottage, a wood-shed, a garden, springing up in the waste, the proofs of the victory of labor. The most worthless tracts seem capable of cultivation, the richest to be adorned and enhanced by it, and made perpetual. The Belgian settler on the shore at Campine brings fertility to the bare earth; he plants his grove of osiers, enriches his land by all the waste of the neighborhood, covers the sand with rank vegetation, even contrives to save money, and rears his healthy family amidst the thriving evidences of his unceasing toil. There are every where these proofs of the wonderful power of human industry: the German farmer cultivates his mountains almost to the top; the terraces of the Swiss almost mingle with the glaciers: while in some regions of the earth land is wasted and thrown away, in others it is cherished as a priceless gem, the chief aim of the purest ambition. The French peasants have nearly all become land-owners, and the best legacy of the Revolution to France is its unexampled army of five millions of proprietors of the soil, already anxious for education, freedom, and peace.

The care of our land has become one of the chief questions of the time. If we are to pour out upon Europe nearly two hundred million bushels of wheat annually, besides a host of rare inventions—locks, guns, manufactures, provisions, cotton—the preservation of the powers of the soil must be the foundation of our success. But here our inventive genius has apparently abandoned us. We have forgotten to apply our intelligence to agriculture. The waste of land in all sections of the country has been without a parallel. The Eastern States are abandoned by their young men for the tempting fertility of the West; yet it is possible that industry and economy might make the lands of Massachusetts and Connecticut as profitable at least as the sands of Belgium and the heaths of Sussex. They have the advantage of a great manufacturing market, and the protection of an easy access. Virginia and Georgia may yet be reclaimed. Wealth must return to the Genesee Valley, and the decay of nature be checked in its westward stride. The question of agriculture is the world's question; it applies to the shores of Azov and the waving fields of California. It has been the burden of the songs of poets, the speculations of philosophers. Hesiod, in the rich fields of Bœotia, sang the pains and pleasures of the farmer. Horace and Virgil have taught mankind when to sow and how to reap. And when politics become practical, and cease to be madly speculative, we may yet produce a party that shall insist upon the care of the land, study its wants, enrich and make it perpetual, cover it with a system of irrigation more complete than that of Lombardy, and of fertilization more scientific than that of Belgium and France.

Eugene Lawrence.

PROFESSOR DANIEL VAUGHAN.

This accomplished scholar, whose death occurred at Cincinnati on the 6th of April, belonged to a class rarely to be met with in our prosperous country—students and sages whose devotion to learning leaves them little time to provide for their personal needs, and who are so neglected by the bustling crowd of humanity around them that their lives are sacrificed to privation and want. Men of such tastes and character are more frequently to be met with in some crumbling city of the Old World, where scholastic positions are well filled, and there is little opportunity for further devotees of wisdom, than in our young republic, where a growing appetite for learning is constantly laying the foundations of new educational institutions and enlarging old ones, thus creating a real and urgent demand for instructors of all kinds.

The greater part of Professor Vaughan's life was spent in Cincinnati. In this prosperous city of our great West he carried on for more than a quarter of a century his enthusiastic pursuit of knowledge, in which he was always successful, and the bitter struggle with poverty in its worst shape, which finally wore out his physical powers, and caused his death at the comparatively early age of fifty-eight. The incidents of his life, like those of most scholars, were neither many nor noteworthy, and will afford little material for the biographer who shall make it his business to record them. He was born in Ireland about the year 1821, and his family appear to have been people of considerable means. His early education was gathered partly at a village school, and partly under the instruction of a private tutor. The reasons that induced him to leave his home and come to this country are involved in considerable doubt, but at sixteen we find him an emigrant to America, and in order to gain a livelihood, he directed his steps toward the Great West. Although little more than a boy in years, his remarkable proficiency in mathematics and other branches procured for him a position as teacher in the principal school in Bourbon County, Kentucky. Here he remained several years, instructing others during the day, and studying himself at night, until the limited privileges he enjoyed in the way of books became intolerable, and determined him to seek a residence where he might have the treasures of a well-supplied library at his command.

Mr. Vaughan's selection of Cincinnati as his future place of residence was undoubtedly owing to the reputation which twenty-five years ago that city had justly earned not only for its valuable collections of books, but also for its admirable literary and scientific organizations. Unfortunately for himself, however, he entered it as a foreigner and without any thing that could serve in the way of an introduction into learned circles. In Kentucky he had made many friends, but these were less easy to gain in a large city. His desire was simply that he might study; but in order to do this he must live, and a livelihood seemed a most difficult thing to obtain. At one time he gave lessons in mathematics and astronomy, and at another he gathered about him a few pupils in the modern languages, with which he was familiar, as well as with Greek and Latin. Again, he delivered a series of lectures on chemistry, both in the Eclectic Medical College and in another institution of a similar character. These brought him in a moderate sum, and occasionally he was paid for some of his frequent contributions to different periodicals. His fortunes, however, seemed always at the lowest ebb, even while he made tremendous advances in his favorite studies, and became known by name not only among the *savants* of his adopted country, but also to many on the other side of the ocean. At the same time one reason must be given for his extreme poverty that is often overlooked by those who sympathize most deeply with characters of his kind: Professor Vaughan would not let those who associated with him know of his need. When it was discovered by any of his friends, he always refused to accept the assistance that was proffered. Apparently he was of that stern stuff which despises the needs of the body, and considers it time wasted to gratify them. Fancying that the domination of intellect could overcome such trivial affections as cold and hunger, he would neither attend to his own comfort nor allow others to do it for him. The one friend who had the most influence with him, and to whom he was most indebted, was the humble keeper of a boarding-house where he occupied a small apartment. This good woman attended to his needs, frequently without recompense, and it was not until her home was broken up by some calamity that Professor Vaughan's worst misfortunes overtook him. He then secured a miserable room in a poor locality, and determined to attend to his own wants. The few that penetrated to his retreat have a pathetic tale to tell of the bedstead covered with rags, the worn-out stove, the few cooking utensils, and the scanty pile of books that formed his surroundings. Disease was soon added to his other miseries; but to the last he remained true to his old devotion to study, and his contempt for the demands of his suffering body. It was only when unable longer to leave his bed that he suffered himself to be removed to the Hospital of the Good Samaritan, where, after a short but delusive improvement in his health, he died, in full possession of his senses to the last, and suffering but little pain. The most pitiful revelations of the life that he had led came with the examination of the remains that followed, for the physicians assert that a long course of privation, coming as nearly as possible to starvation, had so enfeebled his vital power as to make death inevitable.

The range of Professor Vaughan's attainments was to the full as extensive as that of many of the leading scientists of our period, if not more so. As a writer he wielded a fluent pen, and treated with marked ability any subject that he deemed worthy of his attention. On mathematics and astronomy he prepared one or two volumes, but his reputation rests chiefly on the peculiar merit of the many essays he published on important scientific questions. Those upon astronomy are the most numerous, and show that whatever he may have achieved in other departments of learning, this was the one which had the greatest attraction for him, and awakened his most enthusiastic devotion. On geology he wrote occasionally, and also upon galvanism and magnetism—those occult forces of which so little is as yet either known or understood. The domain of metaphysics was also explored by Professor Vaughan, many original theories being propounded in the essays he prepared. Again, he did not disdain to undertake the humbler labors of a biographer, as is shown by his admirable paper on "The Life of Newton." This and an article on Laplace present a most interesting *résumé* of the characteristics and achievements of these two great men. Professor Vaughan's mediums of publication were the foremost scientific periodicals of England and America. He was a frequent contributor to the Journal of the British Association for the Advancement of Science during the time when Sir David Brewster and Sir Robert Murchison were among its editors. His name was also a familiar one for years before his death to the readers of the *Popular Science Monthly*, published in New York. A melancholy incident occurred just before his death in connection with his contributions to periodical literature. While at the Hospital of the Good Samaritan a number of proof-sheets were brought him, and he requested that he might be bolstered up in bed to correct them. This was done, and he completed the work to his own satisfaction. The next day he lay dead upon his couch, and it was supposed that the effort required by this task had contributed toward hastening his end.

There can be no question that by the death of Professor Vaughan America has lost one of her most accomplished scholars. It is also deeply to be regretted that during his life he received no reward for the faithful service done the cause of learning, and that his end should have been so miserable. A life like this is one that every pains should be taken to preserve; and when the efforts made by his friends to relieve his distress were repulsed, they should have been the more eagerly persisted in. Such men are a loss, not only to the community where they chance to reside, but to our country, where literature and science are yet in their youth, and have need of every powerful intellect to assist in their development. A portrait of Professor Vaughan will be found on page 365.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY.

Sunday, 11.—Fourth Sunday after Easter.
Sunday, 18.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Thursday, 22.—Ascension-day.
Sunday, 25.—Sunday after Ascension.

It will be remembered that, soon after the close of our civil war, Cardinal **Manning** opened a college at Mill Hill, near London, for the training of priests whose task it should be to convert our freedmen to the Roman Catholic faith. It is evident that the promoters of this mission were unaware of what had been done for the Christianization of the freedmen by the Protestant Churches of the United States. The ninth annual report of the college, just issued, makes mention of only one priest sent to this country during 1878; two have already been selected to come over this year. The present number of persons in the college is stated to be four directors, thirty-eight students, and five brothers. Father **Vigneront**, one of the founders of the mission, died last year. The report recognizes the work of our Protestant societies among the blacks, and counsels resistance to its progress. It says: "The most important point is the absolute necessity of providing for the negro children a sound religious education. If this can be done, the children will grow up devout, and the grown-up people good Christians. Hence the efforts of the various sects to instil error into the minds of children by means of their freedmen's schools. We must resist these efforts to the best of our power." It can be readily seen from this report that the work of making Catholics of the negroes has not prospered as rapidly as was originally anticipated.

It now seems probable that the overture on representation sent down to the Presbyteries by the General Assembly of 1878 will be defeated. At first it was regarded with favor, but the vote of the important Presbytery of New York against it has, no doubt, had great weight in forming opinion. It will require 90 affirmative Presbyteries to secure the adoption of the overture; at the last accounts 34 have voted in favor and 50 against. The General Assembly meets at Saratoga on the 15th of May. The opening sermon will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. **Francis L. Patton**, the Moderator of the last Assembly.

The emigration of the colored people from the Southern States has attained such large proportions that the churches are assuming the duty of giving aid. A national emigration society has also been established, of which Senator **Windom** is president, and the Hon. **Edward M'Pherson** secretary. A committee of the citizens of Wyandotte, Kansas, announce that they will send men with the emigrants, to find unoccupied government lands suitable for settlement. Trustworthy men will also go with them to assist in their first labors. It is now said that the freedmen have had their attention directed to Kansas since 1869, and that numerous families have been settled there for several years. The movement is not so precipitate as was first believed. Some system of help covering the whole country is very much needed.

The project of a memorial to **William Ellery Channing** has taken definite form. It will be a church in Newport, costing not less than $50,000. The corner-stone will be laid on the hundredth anniversary of **Channing**'s birth. Of the total cost it is proposed to raise $35,000 in Newport.

The attempt of **Solovieff** to assassinate the Russian Emperor has been followed by the intelligence of the shooting by Nihilists of three policemen at Kasan. Among the attacking party were a nobleman, and an educated girl aged seventeen years. The latter fact recalls the attempt to kill the Chief of Police of St. Petersburg, General **Trepoff**, by **Vera Sassulitch**. It is evident that the Nihilist conspiracy numbers among its abettors professors, teachers, students, and refined women. It is nothing more or less than a revolt against the terrible despotism of the Russian government. As the Russian Church is the ally, or rather the submissive servant, of the state, rebellion against the government has become a rebellion against religion itself.

The name of the Rev. **John Miller**, who was deposed two years ago from the Presbyterian ministry for heresy, by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, has been struck from the Presbytery's roll. Mr. **Miller**, after the confirmation by the General Assembly of the original decision, withdrew from the Church, but the right of withdrawal was not recognized. Recently he was engaged in delivering private lectures on the New Testament to students of Princeton Theological Seminary. Professor A. A. Hodge and the faculty objected to such attendance of the students, and the lectures of Mr. **Miller** to them have been discontinued. On the surface, this order of the Theological faculty appears harsh, but in view of their responsibility to the General Assembly, they could not, perhaps, do otherwise.

The twenty-third convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States and Canada will be held in Baltimore from the 21st to the 25th of May. The topics to be discussed are the following: (1) The present condition of State and Provincial organizations. (2) The importance of the study of the various books of the Bible with illustrations. (3) The work of the General Secretary. (4) The office and work of the secretary in Associations not employing a General Secretary. (5) The Executive Committee's work in the West, South, among Germans, railroad men, students, and commercial travellers.

The *European Messenger* presents some valuable facts in relation to the national Church of Russia. The number of persons in holy orders is about 100,000; there are 420 cathedrals, 38,302 churches, and 12,408 chapels. The total annual revenue of the Church is 20,000,000 rubles. The translation of the Bible into Russian was finished in 1877. The first edition of 24,000 copies has been sold, and a second is in preparation. There are 532 monasteries and convents; in these are 10,500 monks and 16,000 nuns. The schools connected with the churches and monasteries are 6321 in number; the universities, gymnasia, and scientific schools number only 363.

It is proposed, as a memorial of the late Rev. Dr. **De Koven**, to raise $150,000 for the endowment of Racine College, of which he was so long the warden. Dr. **De Koven** left a bequest to the college; this with other sums in hand will make $48,000; the ground and buildings are estimated to be worth an additional $150,000.

Oxford follows the example of Cambridge in providing for the proper education of women. Funds have been subscribed for the opening of two halls; one will bear the name of Mrs. **Somerville**, the name of the other is not announced. As to religious instruction, one of the halls will follow the prescriptions of the Church of England; the other will permit the students to exercise, in this regard, their own choice.

It is gratifying to learn that the project of a Baptist theological school in Paris is favored by the leading French Protestants, who, as is well known, are not Baptists. **Pressensé**, **Monod**, and **Hitchcock**, of the American Chapel, are giving their co-operation. The organization has not yet obtained legal sanction, but the papers necessary for the purpose are in the hands of lawyers.

Few ministers have filled a larger place in the religious world than the Rev. Dr. **Howard Malcolm**, who died in Philadelphia on the 25th of March, in the eighty-first year of his age. He had been in the course of his long life a preacher in the Baptist denomination, a college president, and a widely read author. He was born in Philadelphia in 1799, graduated at Dickinson College, and afterward at Princeton Theological Seminary. It fell to his lot to be one of the founders of the American Tract Society, and also one of the earliest supporters of the American Sunday-school Union. From 1839 to 1849 Dr. **Malcolm** was President of the Georgetown College, Kentucky, and from 1857 to 1863 President of the Baptist University at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. To scholars he was best known by his valuable *Index of Theological Literature*, and his *Bible Dictionary*. This latter work has had a circulation of not less than 150,000 copies. One of the most valuable services to learning rendered by Dr. **Malcolm** was the founding of the American Baptist Historical Society. Its library is already rich in books and manuscripts.

The statement is made in a letter of a correspondent to the *Church Times*, of London, that the original manuscript journals of **John Wesley** are still in existence, having never been edited or printed, or, as far as the writer knows, "examined by any competent hand." What are known to the public as the journals of **Wesley** are selections made by himself, and printed in his lifetime. As every thing pertaining to the founder of Methodism is now of interest to the Christian world, it is very desirable that his unpublished writings should be placed within the reach of scholars.

The interest awakened by the report of the British Lords' committee in favor of the Gothenburg system makes a more precise account of that system desirable. It was first adopted in 1866. Its fundamental principle is that "no individual, either as proprietor or manager, shall derive any private gain from the sale of spirits." In Gothenburg, a town of Sweden, the traffic was transferred to a limited liability company, which undertook by the terms of its charter to conduct the business solely in the interest of public morality, and to pay the profits, over interest on capital, into the town treasury. The capital of the company was fixed at $55,000, but only $28,500 have been paid in. The profits each year have been $200,000, in a population of 65,000 persons.

The company reduced the number of licenses in Gothenburg from 119 to 56. All sales at bars have been prohibited from 6 P.M. on Saturdays to 8 A.M. on Mondays. This system has greatly reduced the amount of intemperance; the arrests for drunkenness have, between 1865 and 1875, fallen sixty per cent. The system is now accepted in Sweden by every town having a population of more than 5000 save one. It has also been adopted in Stockholm. One of its obvious effects has been to diminish local taxation. The enormous profits of the retail liquor trade have been made to contribute to the support of municipal government. Under the English modification, it is proposed to transfer the business, not to companies, but to town councils. The committee of the House of Lords recommend the local adoption of the Gothenburg and Birmingham schemes, or some modification of them.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Professor Hinrichs continues to do excellent work in connection with the Iowa weather service, carrying out on a small scale what General **Myer** is doing in Washington. He reports as the weather characteristics in Iowa for March that it was considerably warmer than the normal, but that the rain-fall and cloudiness were about the average. The rain-fall amounted in a part of the State to two inches; in the remainder to about one inch. Thunder-storms were quite frequent, accompanied by hail. The sun was observed on nineteen days, and was entirely free from spots visible with the telescope.

The International Congress of Americanists has issued its circular of invitations to a third session, to be held at Brussels from the 23d to the 26th of September, under the patronage of the King of Belgium and the presidency of the Count of Flanders. The city of Brussels will take charge of the congress, and see to the proper accommodations and convenience of the members.

The object of this organization is the development of a knowledge of the early history of discovery and settlement in the Americas, as also all such facts in their prehistory as can be gathered by an inspection of the remaining monuments. The volumes of Proceedings contain a great deal of interesting and important matter, although the society is rather open to the charge of credulity in accepting, apparently without question, many statements repudiated by American archæologists. This, however, would be remedied by a larger representation from North America; and it is much to be hoped that some of our more accomplished American historians and ethnologists may take part in the proceedings of the coming session.

A membership costs twelve francs, in return for which the volume of Proceedings is furnished gratuitously. Tickets for this purpose have been sent to the Smithsonian Institution, which has agreed to act as agent of the society, and to distribute its Proceedings.

Professor **Bastian**, the eminent head of the Anthropological Museum of Berlin, of whose activity as an explorer repeated mention has been made in our columns, has been seriously ill at Calcutta on one of his journeys. He has, however, nearly recovered, and expects soon to start for Batavia.

The Institution of Mechanical Engineers of Westminster, London, has lately projected a scheme for experimental research, in proposing annually one or more subjects for investigation, and asking information of results in this direction, as also records of any unpublished experiments, references to authorities, copies of books or papers, where treated, etc. All these returns will be collected by the subcommittees, and embodied in a series of elaborate reports, in which due credit will be given to all contributors.

The subjects announced for present consideration are: first, the hardening, tempering, and annealing of steel; second, the best form of riveted joints to resist strain in steel or iron, or in combination; third, friction at high velocities, especially with reference to the friction of bearings of pivots, friction of brakes, etc.

Dr. **Friedrich Wilhelm Vögler**, a well-known German geographer, died recently in the eighty-seventh year of his age.

For some years past a French Government Board has been in existence, charged with the duty of designating portions of the globe in which special geographical search is desirable, and in the exploration of which government funds could be advantageously used. As the result a large number of valuable reports have been published, occupying a very important place in the history of geographical discovery. It appears, however, that at present, in the view of this board, all the most interesting points of research yet remaining are so fully provided for, by either public or private enterprise, that there is no further occasion for the intervention of the French government.

Mr. **Chamoy** announces the result of recent explorations in the east and west portions of Java, and claims to have discovered a close affinity between the remains of the civilization introduced by the Hindoo Buddhists and that of the ancient Mexican Empire.

It appears, from a communication by Mr. **Albert Merle**, that a large tract of country between the Senegal and the Gambia, extending from 14° to 16° north latitude, and marked on the late maps "desert country, no water," is, on the contrary, covered with thick forests of valuable trees, and that tobacco and indigo grow there in abundance. Mr. **Merle** urgently demands a thorough exploration of that region.

The death of the Belgian explorer M. **Wanthier** is just announced.

Professor **Shaler**, of Harvard, announces the fifth session of his Summer School of Geology, affording thereby an excellent opportunity to acquire practical information in regard to geological researches in the field.

Two divisions of the school will be organized: one with its head-quarters at Cambridge, to include a course of lectures during two weeks, with instruction and daily excursions to interesting points in the vicinity; after which the work will be transferred to the Catskills, on the Hudson, where out-door work will be more continuous, and probably always on foot. No student should apply who is unable to walk ten miles a day for five days in a week. Ladies are admitted to this course.

The second course will be given in connection with the work of the Kentucky Geological Survey, in Eastern Kentucky. The object of this will be to provide systematic field-training for men who have some knowledge of elementary geology. It will cover a large area in Kentucky, Virginia, and perhaps other States.

At present the most munificent patron of science in Europe appears to be M. **Bischoffsheim**, an eminent French banker. This gentleman has lately placed his winter residence at Mentone at the command of the National Observatory of France, as a branch establishment, and is about expending the sum of $180,000 for instruments and other equipments.

The death of Dr. **Laurence Edmondstone**, a Scottish naturalist, is announced as having taken place in March last.

Reference has already been made to the successful crossing of the continent of Africa by Major **Serpa Pinto**. The text of his dispatch of the 16th of March from Pretoria, Transvaal, *vid* Aden, to the Geographical Society of Lisbon, under the auspices of which he made his journey, is as follows: "I am six days' journey from the Indian Ocean, having just finished my traverse over Africa from the western coast. I have contended against hunger, thirst, wild beasts, savages, inundations, and drouth. I have happily surmounted all obstacles. I have saved three maps, three volumes of my observations of meteorological notes, three volumes of drawings, and a voluminous journal. I have lost a great part of my force. I have completed all the Upper Zambezi, seventy-two plans of the rapids and cataracts; have found the natives ferocious, and had constant wars. I write by post."

This telegram has been communicated to the principal correspondents of the Geographical Society of Lisbon, with a note that the explorer left Bihé in May, 1878.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

There appeared to be some irresistible force endeavoring to impede his progress, as he would shakily advance a step or two, and then execute a retrograde movement, bringing up at the starting-point. He was undoubtedly as drunk as a lord, and the ground appeared to roll beneath him like unto the ocean's restless waves. All at once he was seen to reel, endeavor to catch himself, and then sink heavily into a heap on the pavement, and when the by-standers ran to his assistance, he said: "'Atsh sheverest shock fan earthquake ever sperienshed, 'n' I've bin on ish coast shince '50. Mutsch damage done, y' reckon?"

A young man went into a florist's store the other day to buy a rose-bud for his affianced. Seventy-five cents was the price asked. "Will it keep?" inquired the young man. "Oh yes, a long while." "Then you may keep it."

"The moon is always just the same," he said, languidly, "and yet I always find some new beauty in it." "It's just so with the circus," she answered. He took the hint, and bought tickets for two.

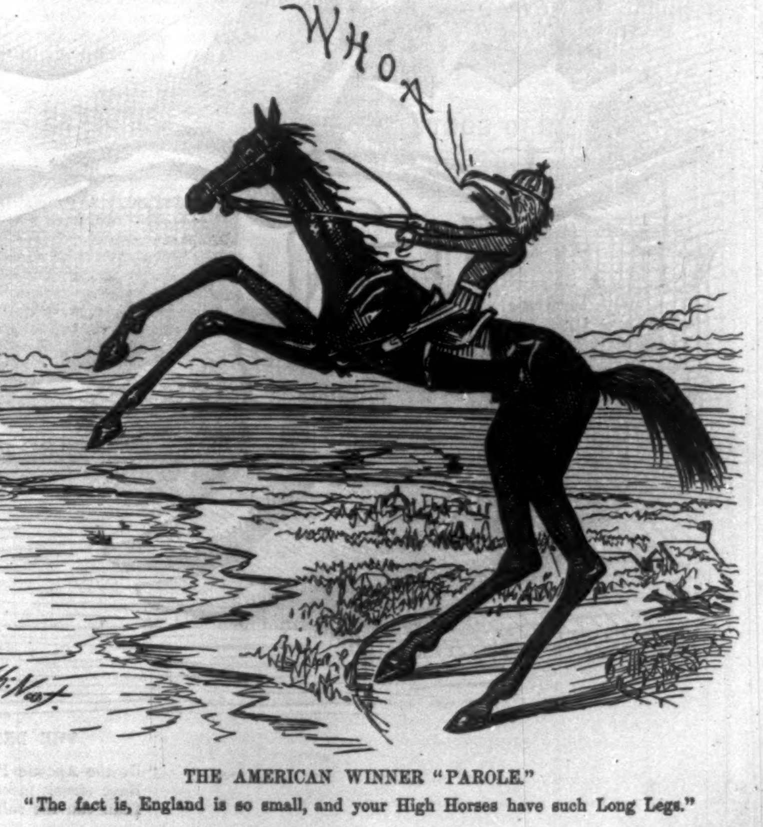
"Good-day, Moses. How you vas shanged! Vouldn't never hafe know'd you!" "But my name is not Moses, Sir." "Vhat! your name shanged too?"

"My dear," said a grocer, "we have all been converted, and can't sell milk on Sunday; but if you happen to want a little, just come in by the back gate, please."

The ancient Egyptians did not use tobacco, and, mark you, the ancient Egyptians are dead.

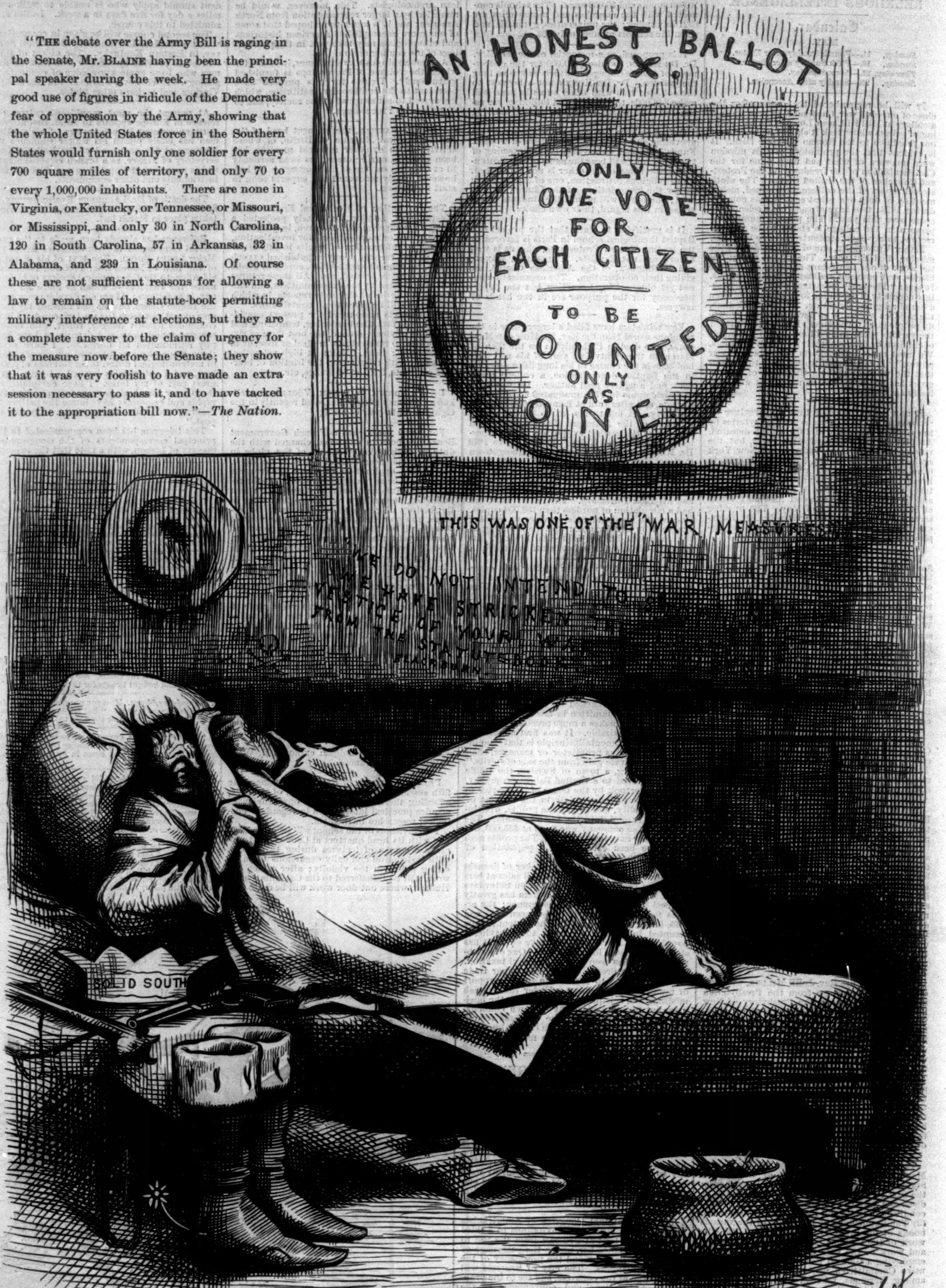
An honest Hibernian, in recommending a cow, said she would give milk year after year without having calves. "Because," said he, "it runs in the brade; for she came of a cow that never had a calf."

"Dearest, let us in this café refresh ourselves for a brief period," said a swell young man to a spirituelle creature. "What 'll you have?" said the waiter, handing the lady a bill of fare. "Oh, never mind the bill of fare," she replied; "give me a plate of cod-fish cakes with plenty of butter." The young man fainted.


WHOA!
Th: Nast.

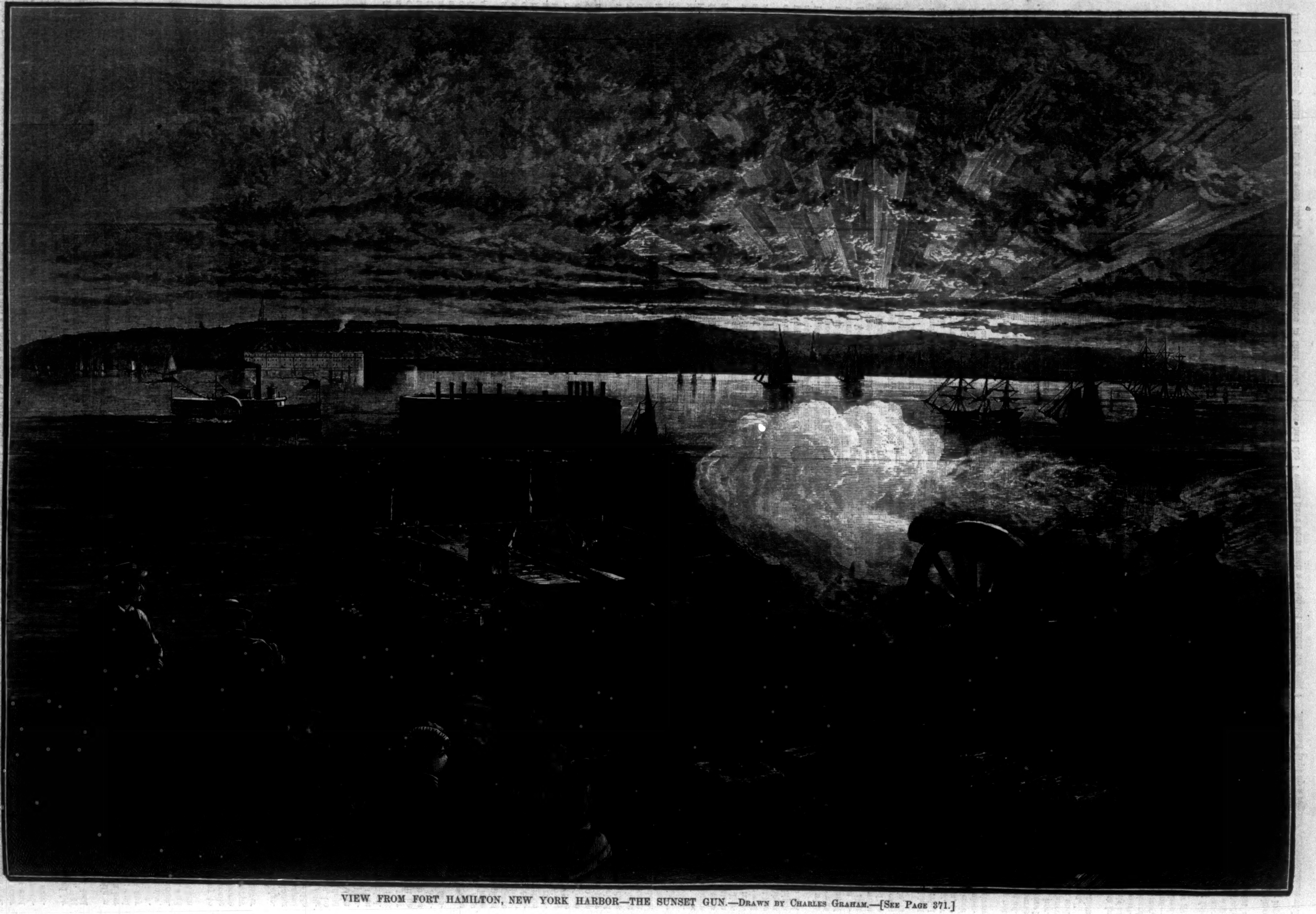
THE AMERICAN WINNER "PAROLE."
"The fact is, England is so small, and your High Horses have such Long Legs."

"The debate over the Army Bill is raging in the Senate, Mr. **Blaine** having been the principal speaker during the week. He made very good use of figures in ridicule of the Democratic fear of oppression by the Army, showing that the whole United States force in the Southern States would furnish only one soldier for every 700 square miles of territory, and only 70 to every 1,000,000 inhabitants. There are none in Virginia, or Kentucky, or Tennessee, or Missouri, or Mississippi, and only 30 in North Carolina, 120 in South Carolina, 57 in Arkansas, 32 in Alabama, and 239 in Louisiana. Of course these are not sufficient reasons for allowing a law to remain on the statute-book permitting military interference at elections, but they are a complete answer to the claim of urgency for the measure now before the Senate; they show that it was very foolish to have made an extra session necessary to pass it, and to have tacked it to the appropriation bill now."—*The Nation.*


AN HONEST BALLOT BOX.
ONLY ONE VOTE FOR EACH CITIZEN.
TO BE COUNTED ONLY AS ONE.
THIS WAS ONE OF THE "WAR MEASURES"
"WE DO NOT INTEND TO
WE HAVE STRICKEN
VESTIGE OF YOUR WAR
FROM THE STATUTE BOOK
BLACKBURN
SOLID SOUTH
Th. Nast

THE DEMOCRATIC DILEMMA.

"By the Apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers."—Shakspeare.



VIEW FROM FORT HAMILTON, NEW YORK HARBOR—THE SUNSET GUN.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 371.]

THE DYING POET TO THE WALL-FLOWER.

Wergeland, a Norwegian poet of great excellence, who died at the early age of thirty-eight, was observed on his death-bed to watch with intensity a wall-flower blossoming in the window. To this plant he addressed an exquisite little lyric, of which we subjoin Mr. Gosse's masterly translation:

O wall-flower, or ever thy bright leaves fade,
My limbs will be that of which all are made;
Before ever thou losest thy crown of gold,
My flesh will be mould.

And yet open the casement; till I am dead,
Let my last look rest on thy golden head!
My soul would kiss thee before it flies
To the open skies.

Twice I am kissing thy fragrant mouth,
And the first kiss wholly is thine in truth;
But the second, remember, dear love, to close
On my fair white rose.

I shall not be living its spring to see,
But bring it my greeting when that shall be,
And say that I wished that upon my grave
It should bloom and wave.

Yes, say that I wished that against my breast
The rose should lie that my lips caressed;
And, wall-flower, do thou into Death's dark porch
Be its bridal torch.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Dead Men's Shoes," "Hostages to Fortune," "An Open Verdict," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—(*Continued.*)

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

The duchess looked provokingly cool and comfortable in her morning-room, which was an airy apartment on the first floor, with a wide window opening upon a rustic balcony, verandaed and trellised, garlanded with passion-flowers and Australian clematis, and altogether sheltered from sun and wind. The most reposeful sofas, the roomiest arm-chairs, in all the house were to be found here, covered with a cool shining chintz of the good old-fashioned sort, apple blossoms and spring flowers on a white ground.

A second window in a corner opened into a small fernery, in which there was a miniature water-fall that trickled with a slumberous sound over moss-grown rock-work. There could hardly have been a better room for afternoon tea on a sultry summer day; and afternoon tea at Ashbourne included iced coffee, and the finest peaches and nectarines that were grown in the county; and when the duke happened to drop in for a chat with his wife and daughter, sometimes went as far as sherry and Angostura bitters.

The duchess received her daughter with her usual delighted air, as if the ethereal-looking young lady in India muslin had verily been a goddess.

"I hope you have not been fatiguing yourself in the orchid-houses on such an afternoon as this, my pet?" she said, anxiously.

"No, indeed, mamma; it is much too warm for the orchid-houses. I have been in the shrubbery reading, or trying to read, but it is dreadfully sleepy weather. We shall all be glad to get some tea. Oh, here it comes."

A match pair of footmen brought a pair of silver trays: caddy, kettle, tea-pot, and cups and saucers on one; and a lavish pile of fruit, such as Lance would have loved to paint, on the other.

Lady Mabel took up the quaint little silver caddy and made the tea. Roderick began to eat peaches. Lord Mallow, true to his nationality, seated himself by the duchess, and paid her a compliment.

"There are some more parcels for you, Mabel," said the fond mother presently, glancing at a side table, where sundry neatly papered packets suggested jewelry.

"More presents, I suppose," the young lady murmured, languidly. "Now I do hope people have not sent me any more jewelry. I wear so little, and I—"

"Have so much," she was going to say, but checked herself on the verge of a remark that savored of vulgar arrogance.

She went on with the tea-making, uncurious as to the inside of those dainty-looking parcels. She had been surfeited with presents before she left her nursery. A bracelet or a locket more or less could not make the slightest difference in her feelings. She entertained a condescending pity for the foolish people who squandered their money in buying her such things, when they ought to know that she had a superfluity of much finer jewels than any they could give her.

"Don't you want to see your presents?" asked Rorie, looking at her in half-stupid wonder at such calm superiority.

"They will keep till we have done tea. I can guess pretty well what they are like. How many Church Services have people sent me, mamma?"

"I think the last made fourteen," murmured the duchess, trifling with her tea-spoon.

"And how many 'Christian Years?'"

"Nine."

"And how many copies of Doré's 'Idyls of the King?'"

"One came this morning from Mrs. Scobel. I think it was the fifth."

"How many lockets inscribed with 'A. E. I.' or 'Mizpah?'"

"My darling, I could not possibly count those. There were three more by post this morning."

"You see there is rather a sameness in these things," said Lady Mabel; "and you can understand why I am not rabidly curious about the contents of those parcels. I feel sure there will be another 'Mizpah' among them."

She had received Lord Mallow's tribute, an Irish jaunting-car, built upon the newest lines, and altogether a most perfect vehicle for driving to a meet in, so light and perfectly balanced as to travel safely through the ruttiest glade in Mark Ash.

Rorie's gifts had all been given, so Lady Mabel could afford to make light of the unopened parcels without fear of wounding the feelings of any one present.

They were opened by-and-by, when the duke came in from his farm, sorely disturbed in his mind at the serious indisposition of a six-hundred-guinea cart-horse, which hapless prize animal had been fatted to such an inflammatory condition that in his case the commonest ailment might prove deadly. Depressed by this calamity, the duke required to be propped up with sherry and Angostura bitters, which tonic mixture was presently brought to him by one of the match footmen, who looked very much as if he were suffering from the same plethoric state that was likely to prove fatal to the cart-horse. Happily, the footman's death would be but a temporary inconvenience. The duke had not given six hundred guineas for him.

Lady Mabel opened her parcels, in the hope of distracting her father from the contemplation of his trouble.

"From whom can this be," she asked, wonderingly, "with the Jersey postmark? Do I know any one in Jersey?"

Roderick grew suddenly crimson, and became deeply absorbed in the business of peeling a nectarine.

"I surely can not know any one in Jersey," said Lady Mabel, in languid wonderment. "It is an altogether impossible place. Nobody in society goes there. It sounds almost as disreputable as Boulogne."

"You'd better open the packet," said Rorie, with a quiver in his voice.

"Perhaps it is from some of your friends," speculated Mabel.

She broke the seal, and tore the cover off a small morocco case.

"What a lovely pair of ear-rings!" she exclaimed.

Each ear-drop was a single turquoise, almost as large, and quite as clear in color, as a hedge-sparrow's egg. The setting was Roman, exquisitely artistic.

"Now I can forgive any one for sending me such jewelry as that," said Lady Mabel. "It is not the sort of thing one sees in every jeweller's shop."

Rorie looked at the blue stones with rueful eyes. He knew them well. He had seen them contrasted with ruddy chestnut hair, and the whitest skin in Christendom—or, at any rate, the whitest he had ever seen; and a man's world can be but the world he knows.

"There is a letter," said Lady Mabel. "Now I shall find out all about my mysterious Jersey friend."

She read the letter aloud.

"Les Tourelles, Jersey, *July* 25.

"Dear Lady Mabel,—I can not bear that your wedding day should go by without bringing you some small token of regard from your husband's old friend. Will you wear these ear-rings now and then, and believe that they come from one who has nothing but good wishes for Rorie's wife?

"Yours very truly, Violet Tempest."

"Why, they are actually from your old playfellow!" cried Mabel, with a laugh that had not quite a genuine ring in its mirth. "The young lady who used to follow the stag-hounds, in a green habit and brass buttons, ever so many years ago, and who insisted on calling you Rorie. She does it still, you see. How very sweet of her to send me a wedding present! I ought to have remembered. I heard something about her being sent off to Jersey by her people, because she had grown rather incorrigible at home."

"She was not incorrigible, and she was not sent off to Jersey," said Roderick, grimly. "She left home of her own free-will, because she could not hit it with her step-father."

"That is another way of expressing it, but I think we both mean pretty much the same thing," retorted Mabel. "But I don't want to know why she went to Jersey. She has behaved very sweetly in sending me such a pretty letter; and when she is at home again I shall be very happy to see her at my garden parties."

Lord Mallow had no share in this conversation, for the duke had button-holed him, and was giving him a detailed account of the cart-horse's symptoms.

The little party dispersed soon after this, and did not foregather again until just before dinner, when the people who had been to see the ruins were all assembled, full of their day's enjoyment, and of sundry conversational encounters which they had had with the natives of the district. They gave themselves the usual airs which people who have been laboriously amusing themselves inflict upon those wiser individuals who prefer the passive pleasures of repose, and made a merit of having exposed themselves to the meridian sun in the pursuit of archæological knowledge.

Lady Mabel looked pale and weary all that evening. Roderick was so evidently distrait that the good-natured duke thought that he must be worrying himself about the cart-horse, and begged him to make his mind easy, as it was possible the animal might even yet recover.

Later on in the evening Lady Mabel and Lord Mallow sat in the conservatory and talked Irish politics, while Rorie and the younger members of the house party played Nap. The conservatory was deliciously cool on this summer evening, dimly lighted by lamps that were half hidden among the palms and orange-trees. Lady Mabel and her companion could see the stars shining through the open doorway, and the mystical darkness of remote woods. Their voices were hushed; there were pauses of silence in their talk. Never had the stirring question of Home Rule been more interesting.

Lady Mabel did not go back to the drawing-room that evening. There was a door leading from the conservatory to the hall; and while Rorie and the young people were still somewhat noisily engaged in the game of Napoleon, Lady Mabel went out to the hall, with Lord Mallow in attendance upon her. When he had taken her candle from the table and lighted it, he paused for a moment or so before he handed it to her, looking at her very earnestly all the while, as she stood at the foot of the staircase, with saddened face and downcast eyes, gravely contemplative of the stair carpet.

"Is it—positively—too late?" he asked.

"You must feel and know that it is so," she answered.

"But it might have been?"

"Yes," she murmured, with a faint sigh, "it might have been."

He gave her the candlestick, and she went slowly up stairs, without a word of good-night. He stood in the hall, watching the slim figure as it ascended, aerial and elegant in its palely tinted drapery.

"It might have been," he repeated to himself; and then he lighted his candle and went slowly up the staircase. He was in no humor for billiards, cigars, or noisy masculine talk to-night. Still less was he inclined to be at ease and to make merry with Roderick Vawdrey.

CHAPTER XL.

WEDDING BELLS.

Vixen had been more than a year in the island of Jersey. She had lived her lonely and monotonous existence, and made no moan. It was a dreary exile; but it seemed to her that there was little else for her to do in life but dawdle through the long slow days, and bear the burden of living—at least until she came of age, and was independent, and could go where she pleased. Then there would be the wide world for her to wander over, instead of this sea-girdled garden of Jersey. She had reasons of her own for so quietly submitting to this joyless life. Mrs. Carmichael kept her informed of all that was doing in Hampshire, and even at the Queen Anne house in Kensington. She knew that Roderick Vawdrey's wedding day was fixed for the 1st of August. Was it not better that she should be far away, hidden from her small world, while those marriage bells were ringing across the darkening beech woods?

Her sacrifice had not been vain. Her lover had speedily forgotten that brief madness of last midsummer, and had returned to his allegiance. There had been no cloud upon the loves of the plighted cousins—no passing gust of dissension. If there had been, Mrs. Carmichael would have known all about it. Her letters told only of harmonious feeling and perpetual sunshine.

"Lady Mabel is looking prettier than ever," she wrote, in the last week of July—"that ethereal loveliness which I so much admire. Her waist can not be more than eighteen inches. I can not find out who makes her dresses, but they are exquisitely becoming to her; though, for my own part, I do not think the style equal to Theodore's. But then I always supplemented Theodore's ideas with my own suggestions.

"I hear that the *trousseau* is something wonderful. The *lingerie* is in quite a new style; a special make of linen has been introduced at Bruges on purpose for the occasion, and I have heard that the loom is to be broken and no more made. But this is perhaps exaggeration. The lace has all been made in Buckinghamshire, from patterns a hundred years old—very quaint and pretty. There is an elegant simplicity about every thing, Mrs. Scobel tells me, which is very charming. The costumes for the Norwegian tour are heather-colored water-proof cloth, with stitched borders, plain to the last degree, but with a *chic* that redeems their plainness.

"Conrad and I received an early invitation to the wedding. He will go; but I have refused, on the ground of ill health. And indeed, my dear Violet, this is no idle excuse. My health has been declining ever since you left us. I was always a fragile creature, as you know, even in your dear papa's time; but of late the least exertion has made me tremble like a leaf. I bear up, for Conrad's sake. He is so anxious and unhappy when he sees me suffer, and I am glad to spare him anxiety.

"Your old friend Mr. Vawdrey looks well and happy, but I do not see much of him. Believe me, dear, you acted well and wisely in leaving home when you did. It would have been a dreadful thing if Lady Mabel's engagement had been broken off on account of an idle flirtation between you and Rorie. It would have left a stain upon your name for life. Girls do not think of these things. I'm afraid I flirted a little myself when I was first out, and admiration was new to me; but I married so young that I escaped some of the dangers you have had to pass through.

"Roderick is making considerable improvements and alterations at Briarwood. He is trying to make the house pretty—I fear an impossible task. There is a commonplace tone about the building that defies improvement. The orchid-houses at Ashbourne are to be taken down and removed to Briarwood. The collection has been increasing ever since Lady Jane Vawdrey's death, and is now one of the finest in England. But to my mind the taste is a most foolish one. Dear Conrad thinks me extravagant for giving sixty guineas for a dress—what might he not think if I gave as much for a single plant? Lord Mallow is staying at Ashbourne for the wedding. His success in the House of Commons has made him quite a lion. He called and took tea with me the other day. He is very nice. Ah, my dearest Violet, what a pity you could not like him! It would have been such a splendid match for you, and would have made Conrad and me so proud and happy."

Vixen folded the letter with a sigh. She was sitting in her favorite spot in the neglected garden, the figs ripening above her among their broad ragged leaves, and the green slopes and valleys lying beneath her—orchards and meadows and pink homesteads—under a sultry summer haze.

The daughter was not particularly alarmed by her mother's complaint of declining health. It was that old cry of "wolf," which Violet had heard ever since she could remember.

"Poor mamma!" she said to herself, with a half-pitying tenderness, "it has always been her particular vanity to fancy herself an invalid; and yet no doctor has ever been able to find out any thing amiss. She ought to be very happy now, poor dear: she has the husband of her choice, and no rebellious daughter to make the atmosphere stormy. I must write to Mrs. Scobel, and ask if mamma is really not quite so well as when I left home."

And then Vixen's thoughts wandered away to Rorie, and the alterations that were being made at Briarwood. He was preparing a bright home for his young wife, and they would be very happy together, and it would be as if Violet had never crossed his path.

"But he was fond of me last midsummer twelvemonth," thought Vixen, half seated, half reclining against a grassy bank, with her hands clasped above her head, and her open book flung aside upon the long grass, where the daisies and dandelions grew in such wild abundance. "Yes, he loved me dearly then, and would have sacrificed interest, honor, all the world, for my sake. Can he forget those days, when they are thus ever present to my mind? He seemed more in love than I; yet a little year, and he is going to be married. Have men no memories? I do not believe that he loves Lady Mabel any better than he did a year ago, when he asked me to be his wife. But he has learned wisdom; and he is going to keep his word, and to be owner of Briarwood and Ashbourne, and a great man in the county. I suppose it is a glorious destiny."

In these last days of July a strange restlessness had taken possession of Violet Tempest. She could not read or occupy herself in any way. Those long rambles about the island, to wild precipices looking down on peaceful bays, to furzy hills where a few scattered sheep were her sole companions, to heathery steeps that were craggy and precipitous and dangerous to climb, and so had a certain fascination for the lonely wanderer—these rambles, which had been her chief resource and solace until now, had suddenly lost their charm. She dawdled in the garden, or roamed restlessly from the garden to the orchard, from the orchard to the sloping meadow, where Miss Skipwith's solitary cow, last representative of a once well-stocked farm, browsed in a dignified seclusion. The days were slow, and oh, how lengthy! and yet there was a fever in Vixen's blood which made it seem to her as if time were hurrying on at a breathless, break-neck pace.

"The day after to-morrow he will be married," she said to herself on the morning of the 30th. "By this time on the day after to-morrow the bride will be putting on her wreath of orange blossoms, and the church will be decorated with flowers, and there will be a flutter of expectation in all the little villages from one end of the Forest to the other. A duke's daughter is not married every day in the year. Ah me! there will not be an earthquake, or any thing to prevent the wedding, I dare say. No, I feel sure that all things are going smoothly. If there had been a hitch of any kind, mamma would have written to tell me about it."

Miss Skipwith was not a bad person to live with in a time of secret trouble such as this. She was so completely wrapped up in her grand scheme of reconciliation for all the creeds, that she was utterly blind to any small individual tragedy that might be enacted under her nose. Those worn cheeks and haggard eyes of Vixen's attracted no attention from her as they sat opposite to each other at the sparely furnished breakfast table, in the searching summer light.

She had allowed Violet perfect liberty, and had been too apathetic to be unkind. Having tried her hardest to interest the girl in Swedenborg, or Luther, or Calvin, or Mohammed, or Brahma, or Confucius, and having failed ignominiously in each attempt, she had dismissed all idea of companionship with Violet from her mind, and had given her over to her own devices.

"Poor child," she said to herself, "she is not unamiable, but she is utterly mindless. What advantages she might have derived from intercourse with me if she had possessed a receptive nature! But my highest gifts are thrown away upon her. She will go through life in lamentable ignorance of all that is of deepest import in man's past and future. She has no more intellect than Baba."

Baba was the Persian cat, the silent companion of Miss Skipwith's studious hours.

So Violet roamed in and out of the house in this languid weather, and took up a book only to throw it down again, and went out to the court-yard to pat Argus, and strolled into the orchard and leaned listlessly against an ancient apple-tree, with her loose hair glistening in the sunshine—just as if she were posing herself for a pre-Raphaelite picture—and no one took any heed of her goings and comings.

She was supremely lonely. Even looking forward to the future—when she would be of age, and well off, and free to do what she liked with her life—she could see no star of hope. Nobody wanted her. She stood quite alone, amidst a strange, unfriendly world.

"Except poor old M'Croke, I don't think there is a creature who cares for me; and even her love is tepid," she said to herself.

She had kept up a regular correspondence with her old governess since she had been in Jersey, and had developed to Miss M'Croke the scheme of her future travels. They were to see every thing strange and rare and beautiful that was to be seen in the world.

"I wonder if you would much mind going to Africa?" she wrote, in one of her frank, girlish letters. "There must be something new in Africa. One would get away from the beaten ways of cockney tourists, and one would escape the dreary monotony of a *table d'hôte*. There is Egypt for us to do; and you, who are a walking encyclopedia, will be able to tell me all about the Pyramids, and Pompey's Pillar, and the Nile. If we got tired of Africa, we might go to India. We shall be thoroughly independent. I know you are a good sailor; you are not like poor mamma, who used to suffer tortures in crossing the Channel."

There was a relief in writing such letters as these, foolish though they might be. That idea of distant wanderings with Miss M'Croke was the one faint ray of hope offered by the future—not a star, assuredly, but at least a farthing candle. The governess answered in her friendly matter-of-fact way. She would like much to travel with her dearest Violet. The life would be like heaven, after her present drudgery in finishing the Misses Pontifex, who were stupid and supercilious. But Miss M'Croke was doubtful about Africa. Such a journey would be a fearful undertaking for two unprotected females. To have a peep at Algiers and Tunis, and even to see Cairo and Alexandria, might be practicable; but any thing beyond that Miss M'Croke thought wild and adventurous. Had her dear Violet considered the climate, and the possibility of being taken prisoners by black people, or even devoured by lions? Miss M'Croke begged her dear pupil to read Livingstone's travels, and the latest reports of the Royal Geographical Society, before she gave any further thought to Africa.

The slowest hours, days the most wearisome, long nights that know not sleep, must end at last. The 1st of August dawned, a long streak of red light in the clear gray east. Vixen saw the first glimmer as she lay wide awake in her big old bed, staring through the curtainless window to the far sea-line, above which the morning sky grew red.

"Hail, Rorie's wedding day!" she cried, with a little hysterical laugh; and then she buried her face in the pillow and sobbed aloud—sobbed as she had not done, till now, through all her weary exile.

There had been no earthquake; this planet we live on had not rolled backward in space; all things in life pursued their accustomed course, and time had ripened into Roderick Vawdrey's wedding day.

"I did think *something* would happen," said Vixen, piteously. "It was foolish, weak, mad, to think so. But I could not believe he would marry any one but me. I did my duty, and I tried to be brave and steadfast. But I thought something would happen."

A weak lament from the weak soul of an undisciplined girl. The red light grew and glowed redder in the east, and then the yellow sun shone through gray drifting clouds, and the new day was born. Slumber and Violet had parted company for the last week. Her mind had been too full of images; the curtain of sleep would not hide them. Frame and mind were both alike worn out, as she lay in the broadening light, lonely, forsaken, unpitied, bearing her great sorrow, just as she must have borne the toothache, or any other corporal pain.

She rose at seven, feeling unspeakably tired, dressed herself slowly and dawdlingly, thinking of Lady Mabel. What an event her rising and dressing would be this morning! the flurried maids; the indulgent mother; the pure white garments, glistening in the tempered sunlight; the luxurious room, with its subdued coloring, its perfume of freshly cut flowers; the dainty breakfast tray, on a table by an open window; the shower of congratulatory letters, and the last delivery of wedding gifts. Vixen could imagine the scene, with its every detail.

And Roderick, what of him? She could not so easily picture the companion of her childhood on this fateful morning of his life. She could not imagine him happy: she dared not fancy him miserable. It was safer to make a great effort, and shut that familiar figure out of her mind altogether.

Oh, what a dismal ceremony the eight-o'clock breakfast, *tête-à-tête* with Miss Skipwith, seemed on this particular morning! Even that preoccupied lady was constrained to notice Violet's exceeding pallor.

"My dear, you are ill!" she exclaimed. "Your face is as white as a sheet of paper, and your eyes have dark rings round them."

"I am not ill, but I have been sleeping badly of late."

"My dear child, you need occupation; you want an aim. The purposeless life you are leading must result badly. Why can you not devise some pursuit to fill your idle hours? Far be it from me to interfere with your liberty; but I confess that it grieves me to see youth, and no doubt some measure of ability, so wasted. Why do you not strive to continue your education? Self-culture is the highest form of improvement. My books are at your disposal."

"Dear Miss Skipwith, your books are all theological," said Vixen, wearily, "and I don't care for theology. As for my education, I am not utterly neglecting it. I read Schiller till my eyes ache."

"One shallow German poet is not the beginning and end of education," replied Miss Skipwith. "I should like you to take larger views of woman's work in the world."

"My work in the world is to live quietly, and not to trouble any one," said Vixen, with a sigh.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FROM FORT HAMILTON.

ONE of the most beautiful views about New York Harbor may be obtained at sunset from the ramparts of Fort Hamilton. As depicted in our engraving on page 369, the spectator looks across the narrow channel, over the dismantled fort which bears the name of the illustrious Frenchman who was our firm ally and the most intimate friend of WASHINGTON, to the fortified heights of Staten Island. Once an important defense of the harbor, Fort Lafayette is now nothing but a picturesque relic of the early days of the republic. A single broadside from a modern ship's battery would make it crumble to the ground. The strong forts and long lines of earthworks on either side of the narrow channel, armed with guns of heavy calibre, have long since superseded the necessity of maintaining the antiquated structure except as a military store-house. But it has been for so many years a prominent feature in the channel, that any suggestion for its removal would be received with great disfavor.

THOMAS COUTURE.

THIS prominent artist, whose long career was closed by death on March 31, belonged to the most successful of all modern schools of painting, that of French genre art. THOMAS COUTURE was born at Senlis, Department of the Oise, on the 21st of December, 1815, and died in his sixty-fourth year. He was first a pupil of Baron GROS, and afterward of PAUL DELAROCHE, his range including historical as well as genre painting. In 1837 he was accorded a second prize at the exhibition held by the French Institute, and he made his début in the Salon of 1840 with a picture entitled "A Young Venetian after an Orgy." Afterward there followed "The Prodigal Son," "A Widow," and "The Return from the Fields" (1841), "A Troubadour" and two portraits (1843), "Une Joconde" and "The Love of Gold" (1844). These last, now in the Museum of Toulouse, revealed in the artist a decidedly original manner, and gained for him a third-class medal, together with considerable reputation as a colorist.

The first work that won the attention of the world to COUTURE as an artist of unusual talent was his remarkable painting entitled "The Romans of the Decadence," inspired by the lines of JUVENAL:

> "Nunc patimur longæ pacis mala: sævior armis
> Luxuria incubit, victumque ulciscitur orbem."

This may read in translation as follows: "We suffer the ills of a long peace; luxury, more cruel than arms, weighs upon Rome, and avenges the vanquished universe." This work, exhibited in 1847, won for the artist a first medal and the cross of the Legion of Honor. In regard to its merits, critics have differed. JULES CLARSTIE says that it is one of the brightest pages of modern art; that though it contains commonplace work in parts, the whole constitutes an admirable picture, in which many of the figures are masterpieces; among others those of the two celebrated Stoics to the right, who observe, the one with sorrow and the other with disgust, the end of the grandeur of the Roman world. Another writer speaks of the picture in terms of the most enthusiastic eulogy, describing it and the effect produced by its exhibition in the following terms:

"His colossal picture 'A Roman Orgy,' better known even to Americans and Englishmen as the 'Décadence des Romains,' was exhibited in the last Salon of the reign of LOUIS PHILIPPE. The moment and the atmosphere in politics and in social life were propitious. Men looked upon its marvellous splendors, and saw in them a lurid significance which intensified their effect upon the eye as well as upon the imagination. A grand couch draped in superb confusion with the most precious stuffs of the antique East, and crowded with revellers, stretches through a grand hall, the high ceiling of which is borne up by three rows of marble columns. The white dawn steals in upon the scene, giving ghastly tints to the faces of the guests, and bringing out strange lights upon the jewelry, the draperies, the vessels of silver and of gold, the tessellated marbles, the grouped statues of heroes and of gods. High over the scene dominates the matchless and heroic image of Germanicus. One youth crowned with ivy, and with the tiger-skin of Bacchus about his waist, offers up a drunken libation to his deity, while another, more impious in his cups, holds a brimming goblet up with unsteady hand to the disdainful lips of a marble statue of BRUTUS. Drunken men from the edge of childhood to the verge of the grave reel in their places amid women more ignoble and more odious than themselves. In an angle of one of the colonnades stand two stern and austere figures, one of them a portrait of the painter himself in the character of JUVENAL gazing upon the spectacle with eyes like those of VIRGIL and DANTE making their sad review of the *città dolente*. The composition is as bold as vigorous, as well sustained in all its parts as the conception was complete and masterful. It was the picture, not of a Salon nor of a year, but of an epoch and of a school."

After this *chef-d'œuvre*, which won him renown almost upon the first moment of its appearance, COUTURE allowed several seasons to pass without any great contribution to art from his brush. In 1852 he exhibited "The Bohemians," with two portraits, and three years later "The Page with the Falcon." This picture showed all the powers of his pencil and his palette in their perfection. It was exhibited in this country, as many of our readers will remember, and replicas and copies of it are not uncommon both here and in England. Two other pictures of COUTURE's that attracted considerable attention were "Damocles" and "Voluntary Enlistments." His "Return of the Crimean Troops" and "The Baptism of the Prince Imperial" were executed in compliance with orders received from the French government. COUTURE's historical pictures are not, however, the best expressions of his power. One critic, in speaking of the work that first established his fame, says: "But COUTURE's greatest picture is, after all, his least interesting. Its moral had really little meaning; it was mere rhetoric, and it is fortunate for his reputation that he made no more ventures of importance into the domain of painted literature, where so many good painters have been lost. He will live by his true pictures, those in which with equal vigor of drawing and of color he translated nature as he saw her revealed in the human face and form."

COUTURE was himself an art critic of no little discrimination and judgment. One of the minor monuments left to his fame is a thoughtful essay entitled "Entretiens d'Ateliers," published in 1867. His writing was always full of a weird and vigorous personality, and in the two volumes of criticism which he produced he was by no means too modest to introduce narratives indicating his own talent in the way of art. Here we learn that one day the celebrated GROS, while COUTURE was in his studio, said to him, "My little friend, you draw like an old Academician;" and on another, "You will be the TITIAN of France."

One painting of COUTURE's, of which mention should have been made above, is the "Decoration of the Chapel of the Virgin at St. Eustache." This is one of his latest works, and on its appearance added no little to his already brilliant reputation. Perhaps the most important work by him owned in this country is the "Day-Dream," which will be remembered as having formed one of the chief ornaments at the New York Loan Collection of 1876. For several years COUTURE had done but little worthy of special attention, compared with his earlier achievements. He was, however, an important representative of modern French art, and his death will cause a great gap in certain art circles.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WHEN Wilhelmj, the violinist, was in Washington recently, he was the guest of Secretary Schurz, who is, as is well-known, a musical amateur of note and skill. Mr. Schurz regards Wilhelmj as one of the greatest masters of the violin the world has seen. Wilhelmj told him the curious fact that the best violins now made any where are made in this country; and it seems that the masters of this noble instrument will hereafter send to New York or Brooklyn when they need a first-class violin. Three men, it appears, have by their skill mastered this branch of art; two of them are Germans—the brothers Schmünde; the third is an American, Walter Colton, himself a musician of decided skill, and from his eighth year an amateur of the violin. Mr. Colton is the son of the Rev. Walter Colton, a well-known author, chaplain in the navy, and the first Alcalde of Monterey, in California, after the Americans took possession, whose *Deck and Port*, *Ship and Shore*, and *Three Years' Life in California* were popular books in their day. The elder Colton died many years ago, and young Colton was educated under the care of his mother, now the wife of Representative Chittenden, of the Brooklyn district. He was graduated from Columbia College, studied for the medical profession, married Miss Litchfield, of Brooklyn, and travelled in Europe, where his fondness for the violin developed into a passion. He spent much time in hunting up the most celebrated old violins, and on his return began to make instruments, at first only for his amusement, and to give away to his friends; but presently there arose a demand which has of late kept him busy. Ole Bull, Remenyi, Wilhelmj, and all the noted professional players come to his house, and send him their instruments when they need repairing. He employs no workmen, but makes all parts of the instrument himself, having contrived many of the tools he uses, and he aims to make but a small number of violins in the year. Many valuable violins are sent him from different parts of the country to be repaired; not long since one was received which was insured during transmission from a Western city for $800, and the owner presented Mr. Colton with a bow valued at $100 for repairing the instrument. It is certainly odd that America should be so famous for violins that the great players of the world acknowledge the superior merits of American instruments.

The *Court Journal* informs us that the household of his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrowitz, aged four months, is limited to fifteen people, of whom the English nurse alone receives 1143 rubles, and 18,125 rubles are allowed for his Imperial Highness's table.

Statistics indicate that not far from 40,000 live animals are annually sent through the German post-offices, and this number does not include frogs, bees, and insects. Such creatures as are deemed dangerous or disagreeable the Post-office authorities have the power of excluding; and an alligator, done up in a fragile box, a lot of dogs whose persistent barking could not be quieted, and a number of pigeons loosely tied in a sack, were consequently rejected. On the other hand, a crocodile—properly done up, we suppose—a leopard, four living bear cubs, as well as monkeys, serpents, etc., have been transmitted by the German post within the past six months—at least so says an exchange, which must take the responsibility of such a strange story.

Walterborough, South Carolina, has experienced a great disaster. A terrible tornado swept across the town on April 16, utterly destroying a large number of buildings, rendering many others uninhabitable, and causing the death of six persons. Others were seriously injured. More than half the village is in ruins.

There was a time, to which the memory of many of our readers may revert, when in quiet country towns and villages the 1st of May brought mirth and jollity—at least to lads and lasses. At break of day the old school-house bell sent forth a lively peal, and quickly from all quarters there gathered at the appointed meeting-place rosy-cheeked children, young men, and maidens. There was no long waiting for laggards; the gay company soon separated into little parties, and penetrated the surrounding forests. What though capricious April had left banks of snow here and there beneath the spreading evergreens? Was it not all the more delightful to find, half hidden under the melting snow, the fragrant trailing arbutus, the delicate snow-drop, the bright, soft mosses, and the fresh green vines? And when, after a merry plucking, laden with the first-fruits of spring and the harbingers of early summer, what a chattering throng trooped back to the village, rousing lazy sleepers with their gay laughter, and carrying into scores of homes an inspiring breath from budding nature!

No greater contrast to such a merry May-day in the country can be imagined than May-day in New York. In the whole circle of the year there is no day when the general aspect of the city is so dirty, dismal, altogether uncomfortable. The condition of things in house and street is not easily described, but continually recalls, as exceedingly apropos, the familiar song beginning:

"First of May, clear the way,
  Baskets, barrows, trundles;
Take good care, mind the ware—
  Betty, where's the bundles?
Pots and kettles, broken victuals,
Feather-beds, plaster heads,
Looking-glasses, tow mattresses,
Spoons and ladles, babies' cradles,
Cups and saucers, salts and casters,
Hurry-scurry, grave and gay,
All must trudge the First of May."

Refined petroleum has been largely exported from this country to Europe; but recently the United States consul at Antwerp has called the attention of the Department of State to the serious dissatisfaction now felt in Europe in regard to the quality of the petroleum lately sent thither. It is said by those who are attempting to investigate the matter that the difficulty does not arise from imperfect refinement of the oil, but from a difference in the characteristics of the oil now obtained, and that different wicks and burners are needed. Whatever may be the cause of the trouble, unless the present dissatisfaction is removed there is danger that American refiners and exporters will lose a part of their present European trade.

Parrots are beginning to indicate their use, and pretty soon every householder will be anxious to have one in each room. The other night a burglar broke into a house in Brooklyn, and was just commencing operations, when a sharp voice shouted, "Get out of there!" The burglar dropped his "jimmy" and fled. "Poor Poll" knew how to apply his learning.

The *Northern* (Michigan) *Tribune* tells a story of a brave little hero. An Indian had been left in charge of a house belonging to Captain Bennett, of Mackinac; but one night the Indian and his wife went a-visiting, leaving locked in the house three children, the oldest a boy of eight. The house took fire in the night, and the boy, not being able to open the doors, and the windows being securely fastened, was only able to escape by taking an axe and breaking a window. He then took out the younger children. They remained about the house till morning, wrapping their feet up in blankets to keep from freezing. They waited until noon the next day, and then, their parents not having come, the little fellow put the two smaller ones on a hand-sled, and hauled them to their grandfather's, four miles distant.

It is feared that the long-continued floods in Hungary will seriously affect the next wheat crop in that country.

A project has been suggested of constructing a steel refrigerating ship to disinfect the holds and cargoes of vessels coming from ports where yellow fever prevails. It is claimed that thorough refrigeration will kill the germs of yellow fever; and yet some facts make this statement doubtful. For example: yellow fever broke out on the United States steamer *Plymouth* soon after the vessel had spent the winter in Boston Harbor, where it had been subjected to freezing and fumigation—it having previously brought the disease from the West Indies. The fact is that the mysterious disease known as yellow fever is not yet understood.

Next June the Emperor William expects to celebrate his golden wedding. At that time the Emperors of Russia and Austria and the King of Spain will probably be the guests of his Majesty.

According to the report of the Children's Aid Society, 418 persons were provided with homes and employment during March last, and two companies were sent to Western homes. The daily average attendance at the industrial schools was 3398. At the six lodging-houses for boys and girls the nightly average number of lodgers was 559; 16,842 lodgings and 23,568 meals were furnished; 167 boys and girls were provided with homes and employment; 36 boys were started in business, and 27 girls taught in the sewing-machine school. Efforts are being made to continue the Sea-side Home, provided the necessary funds are raised. It is also hoped, if sufficient funds can be obtained, to open a "Sick Infants' Retreat," near the sea-side, for mothers with children who have been attacked with cholera infantum and summer diseases.

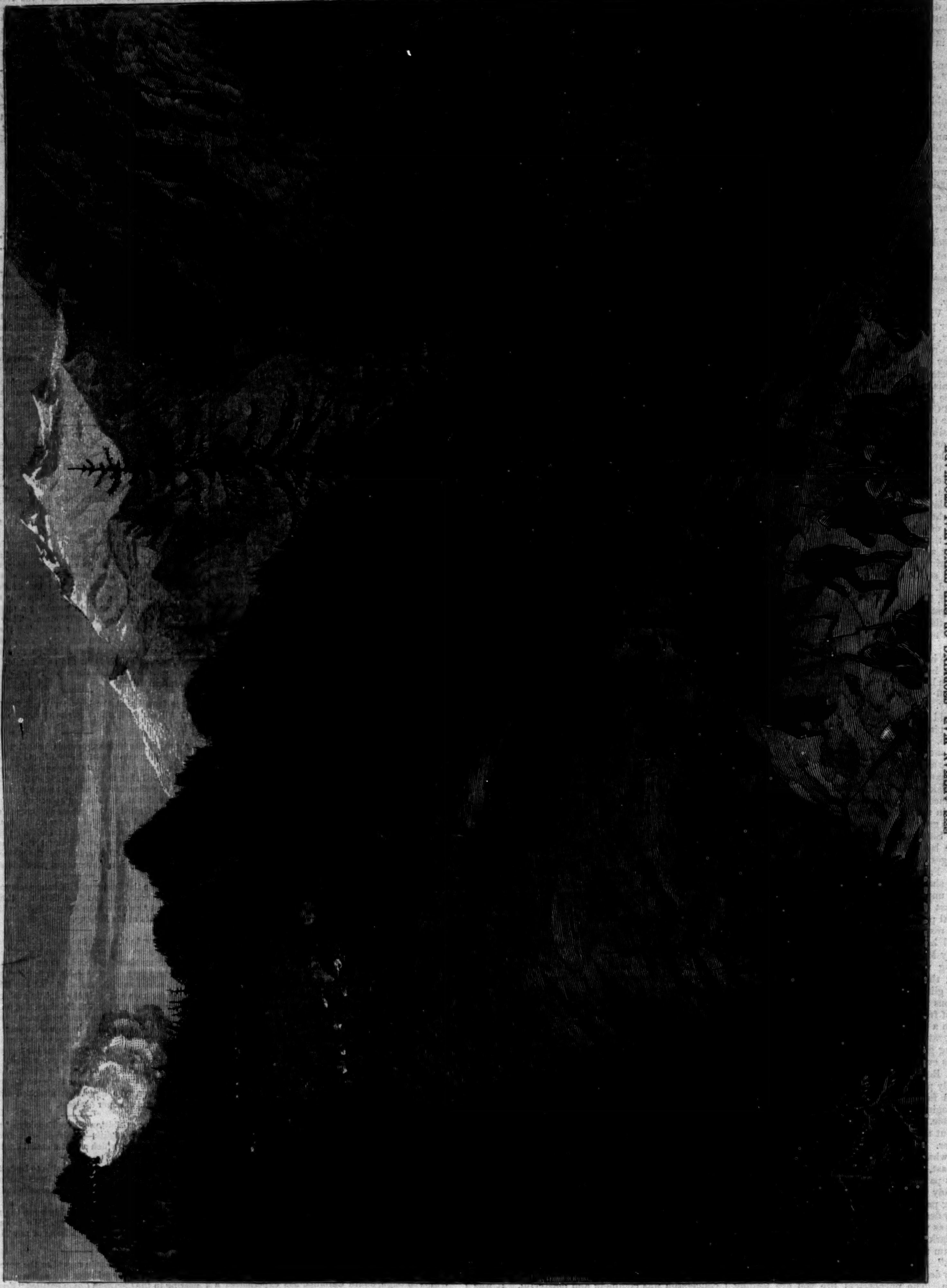
The spring exhibition of the Brooklyn Art Association—the thirty-eighth—displayed over five hundred pictures, many of which are of unusual excellence.

Now the question arises, What is to be done with the Trocadéro Palace? The city of Paris declines to give the 3,000,000 francs which the state asks for it.

Boston papers are commenting upon the melodious song of the New England frog. We are pleased to know that Boston weather admits of any kind of outdoor concerts.

Some excellent ideas in regard to the preparation of food may be gathered from the series of articles appearing in the *Christian Union* entitled "French Cooking of To-day." In these articles, L. Delmonico, whose name carries authority with his words, explains the economy, the healthfulness, and the attractiveness of the French methods of cooking. From general statements he enters into detailed directions, which must prove helpful to housekeepers, whether they adopt French methods in a limited or in a greater degree. We quote one paragraph only:

"No dinner can be complete without a soup. It is designedly placed first upon the table to moderate the appetite for more solid and less digestible animal food. It is wholesome, economical, and delicious. Almost every living thing and fruit of the earth may be employed in its manufacture, and almost all kinds of fragments and remnants may enter into its economy. It is easily made, will not spoil readily, and may be flavored to suit an endless variety of tastes. Instead of being the most palatable nourishment for the poorer classes, and an attractive adjunct to the tables of the well-to-do, soup is little used in this country, and most of that used is so poor as to be unappreciated and uncared for. This is simply the result of ignorance or indifference."



THE AFGHAN WAR—STORMING OF THE SPINGAWAI STOCKADE.

STORMING A STOCKADE.

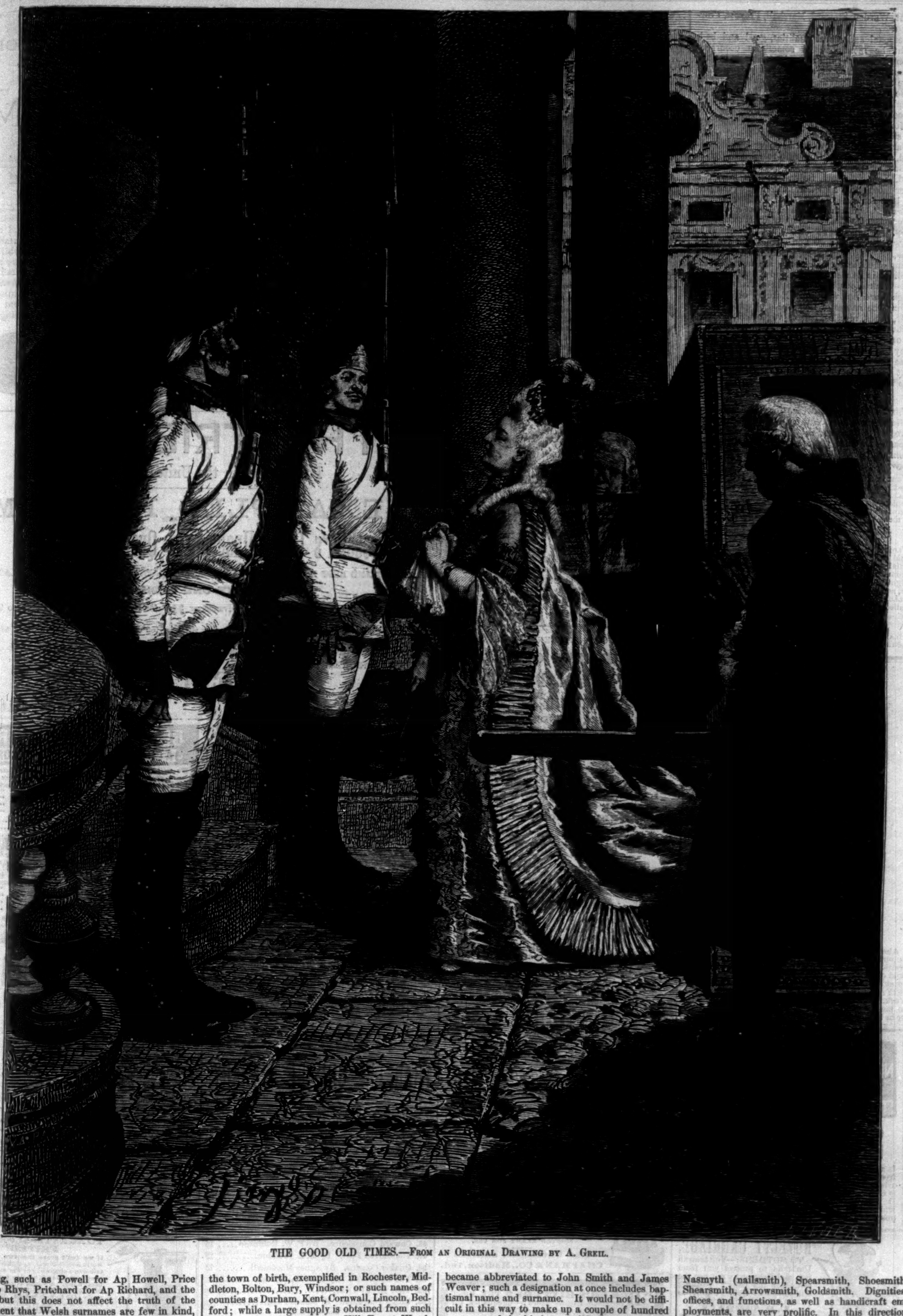
For the above picture of one of the most spirited engagements of the Afghan war our readers are indebted to a sketch by Lieutenant **Neville Chamberlain**, aide-de-camp to General **Roberts**, in the Kurum Valley. A full account of this engagement, together with a striking double-page engraving of the scene, was given in *Harper's Weekly* for March 8; but this picture possesses additional interest from the view it affords of the character of the region in which the British troops are operating against their Afghan foes. In spite of the difficulties presented by the ground, the stockade was carried by a gallant rush, and the defenders were compelled to beat a rapid and disorderly retreat, leaving many dead in the trenches.

HOW SURNAMES GROW.

In many countries surnames have grown out of personal names, baptismal or otherwise, in a manner that can be pretty clearly traced. If John's father be George, then John the son of George becomes a distinct name, cumbrous when thus expressed, but succinct and compact in many languages. For instances of analogous character, in Russian we find Witz or Witch, or Vitch or Vich, meaning "son of"—such as Czarevitch and Paskievitch; in Polish, Ski or Sky—such as Petrovski and Sobieski; in Highland Scotch, Mac; in Irish, both Mac and O'—the latter implying descendant generally, rather than merely son; in English, Son, melted down as the final syllable of a word; the "son of John" becomes "John's son," and then "Johnson;" the "son of William," in like manner, becomes "William's son," and then "Williamson." Lastly, in Welsh, Ap, by which "Morgan Ap Shenkin" comes to mean Morgan the son of Shenkin.

We have said that Mac, in Scotch, implies "son of," but the point here more particularly dwelt upon is that this Mac becomes a surname when combined with the clan or family name, *e. g.*, MacDougal, McDougal, or M'Dougal, becomes Macdougal, and so on. Something nearly, though not exactly, equivalent to this occurs in Irish surnames, many of which run in couplets—such as Connell and O'Connell, Connor and O'Connor, Donovan and O'Donovan, Ferrall and O'Ferrall, Flanagan and O'Flanagan, Leary and O'Leary, Shea and O'Shea, Meagher and O'Meagher, Sullivan and O'Sullivan. Thus the name of the father, Connor, and the name of the son, O'Connor, or Connor's son, become by degrees recognized as two distinct surnames.

But the Welsh afford more curious examples of the growth of surnames than any of the other nationalities of the United Kingdom. As already implied, John, Thomas, William, Richard, Robert, etc., being abundantly used as Christian names, if the son of any one of them be called Ap John, or the son of John, or John's son, a natural process soon melts it down to Johnson and to Jones; and so in other instances. Moreover, a similar clipping gives origin to Williams, Richards, Roberts, Davis, Lewis, and the like. There is from these causes, comparatively to the small total number of inhabitants in Wales, a peculiarly large percentage of each particular surname, because the surnames themselves are limited in variety. True, some of the forms are disguised by difference of



THE GOOD OLD TIMES.—From an Original Drawing by A. Greil.

spelling, such as Powell for Ap Howell, Price for Ap Rhys, Pritchard for Ap Richard, and the like; but this does not affect the truth of the statement that Welsh surnames are few in kind, with a necessarily large number of each kind.

Besides the derivation of surnames from Christian or baptismal names, worked out in the various forms and modes we have described, there is a large group arising from local associations with the country of birth or of residence, such as Ireland, France, Gascoigne, Scott, England; or the town of birth, exemplified in Rochester, Middleton, Bolton, Bury, Windsor; or such names of counties as Durham, Kent, Cornwall, Lincoln, Bedford; while a large supply is obtained from such topographical distinctions as Hill, Forest, Wood, Copse, Dale, Vale, Gore, Lynch, Foss, Fenn, Marsh, Peat, Slade, Pond, River, Mead, Dyke, Lake, Down, Mountain, Combe.

Much more extensive are the derivations from the numerous occupations and pursuits of men. John the smith and James the weaver readily became abbreviated to John Smith and James Weaver; such a designation at once includes baptismal name and surname. It would not be difficult in this way to make up a couple of hundred surnames of the kind exemplified by Carpenter, Glover, Butcher, Baker, Farmer, Cartwright, Wheelwright, Wainwright, Slater, Tyler, Saddler, Salter, Spicer, Brazier, Wheeler, Farrier, Draper, Mercer. Smith—the all-pervading Smith—gives rise to a distinct group of its own, according to the kind of smith's work denoted: Brownsmith, Nasmyth (nailsmith), Spearsmith, Shoesmith, Shearsmith, Arrowsmith, Goldsmith. Dignities, offices, and functions, as well as handicraft employments, are very prolific. In this direction witness such surnames as King, Prince, Princess, Duke, Marquis, Earl, Lord, Baron or Barron, Count, Chevalier, Knight, Squire, Gentleman; and such as Pope, Pontifex, Bishop, Priest, Deacon, Dean, Abbot, Prior, Monk, Nun or Nunn, Clerk, Chaplain or Chaplin, Parsons; and such as Mayor, Alderman, Burgess, Chamberlain, Constable, Sergeant, Warden, Steward, Marshall, Provost, Proctor.

Personal and moral qualities, good and bad, might be mentioned as sometimes occurring among surnames; but the point here held in view is that the quality or attribute, as possessed by some one individual among many, was the special cause of the naming process. Is it the color or complexion? We have Fair, Ruddiman, etc. Or the color of the hair? Blacklock, Redhead. Or the form of the head? Broadhead, Greathead. Or the stature? Long, Short, Small. Moral qualities are shown in Merry, Wild, Coward, Thoroughgood, and the like. Domestic relationship gives us Brother, Cousin, Bachelor, Lover, Bride, Husband, Younghusband, Baby. In this matter a queer incongruity sometimes arises when the person is a female. "Died, Miss Bridget Younghusband." "Birth, Mrs. Batchelor, of a son."

Periods of time, such as Spring, March, May, Early, Quarterly, occur in our researches. It is not surprising that we find virtues and abstract ideas, such as Hope, Joy, Pride, Love, Wisdom. Terms of contempt or censure are naturally exemplified in Lawless, Scamp, and Hussey. Oaths and exclamations, such as Godhelp, Truly, Fudge, Heigho, are not wanting. Natural objects, including the names of multitudes of quadrupeds, birds, fishes, reptiles, insects, vegetables, flowers, fruits, and minerals—all have been concerned in the origination of surnames, and all supply testimony to the fact that every or nearly every such name had a definite meaning at the outset. Almost endless is the variety; nevertheless order runs through the apparent chaos.

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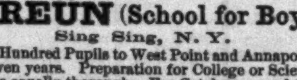

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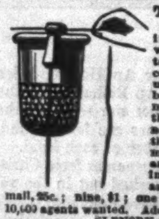

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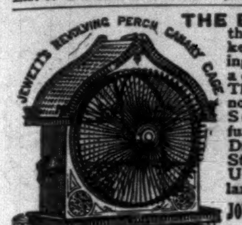
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(*From the Indianapolis Journal, October* 1, 1878.)

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CINCINNATI, *October* 29, 1878.

Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:

Gentlemen,—We regret very much that we unwittingly interfered with your edition of Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent" in selling the few copies of the Canada edition sent to us without orders. We have no intention of selling more copies of that edition, believing that yours is the only authorized edition, and the only one deserving of American patronage.

Yours truly, ROBERT CLARKE & CO.

(*From the Boston Daily Advertiser, December* 19, 1878.)

UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT, DECEMBER 18.—LOWELL, J.

Philip J. A. Harper et al. vs. *Albert W. Lovering.*—This was a bill in equity brought by the plaintiffs, Harper Brothers of New York, to restrain the sale or exposing for sale by the defendant of an edition of Stanley's recent book, entitled "Through the Dark Continent," published in Toronto, Canada, and imported here. The plaintiffs claim to have purchased of Stanley the sole and exclusive right to publish and sell said work, having procured a copyright for it; and that the above edition is an infringement. By consent of parties, Judge Lowell this morning ordered a decree for the plaintiffs for one dollar, and an injunction to issue as prayed for. C. T. & T. H. Russell for plaintiffs; and Brooks, Ball, & Story for defendant.

UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT, NORTHERN DISTRICT OF ILLINOIS.

Saturday, January 4th, A.D. 1879.

Present: Hon. HENRY W. BLODGETT, District Judge.
Philip J. A. Harper et al. vs. *J. Appleton Wilson*—In Chancery.

This day come the complainants, by their solicitor B. D. Magruder, and the defendant, by his solicitor, and it appearing to the Court from the bill of complaint filed in this cause taken for confessed by the defendant, the Court finds that the book hereinafter mentioned was copyrighted by the complainants during the year A.D. 1878 under the copyright laws of the United States; and that the complainants were entitled to the sole and exclusive right to print, publish, and vend the said book in and throughout the United States; and that the said defendant has infringed the rights and privileges secured by the aforesaid copyright, contrary to the form of the statute in such cases made and provided. Now, therefore, it is hereby ordered, adjudged, and decreed that the defendant, his clerks, attorneys, agents, servants, and workmen, any or either of them, be and they are hereby perpetually enjoined and restrained from publishing, printing, selling, delivering, or otherwise disposing of, or causing or knowingly permitting to be published, printed, sold, delivered, or otherwise disposed of, any copy or copies of their said book, in the complainants' bill mentioned, called and known as "Through the Dark Continent; or, The Sources of the Nile, Around the Great Lakes, and Down the Livingstone River to the Atlantic Ocean," by Henry M. Stanley, author; and that all further proceedings herein be stayed.

NORTHERN DISTRICT OF ILLINOIS, ss.

I, WILLIAM H. BRADLEY, Clerk of the Circuit Court of the United States for said Northern District of Illinois, do hereby certify the above and foregoing to be a true and correct copy of the order entered of record in said Court on the 4th day of January, A.D. 1879, in the cause wherein Philip J. A. Harper *et al.* are the complainants, and J. Appleton Wilson is the defendant, as the same appears from the original records of said Court now remaining in my custody and control.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said Court, at my office in Chicago, in said district, this 8th day of January, A.D. 1879.

(Signed) WM. H. BRADLEY, Clerk.

LETTER FROM THE "UNION NEWS COMPANY" TO THE MESSRS. BANGS, COUNSEL FOR HARPER & BROTHERS.

NEW YORK, *March* 22, 1879.

Messrs. F. N. & C. W. BANGS:

Gentlemen,—In reply to your favor of the 10th inst., we would say that, as we have a branch in Canada, we have been selling there Magurn's edition of "Through the Dark Continent;" and not being aware that the copyright was owned in the United States, we imported a few copies for sale here. Now that we know the condition of affairs, we shall, of course, withdraw from sale on this side the Canada edition of the book.

Respectfully yours,
UNION NEWS COMPANY,
T. J. KEARNEY, *Secretary.*

(*From the Detroit Free Press, April* 8, 1879.)

Judge Brown rendered a decree in the United States Circuit Court yesterday for Harper & Brothers, the New York book publishers, against D. P. Work, of this city, for an infringement upon the Harpers' copyright of the book entitled "Through the Dark Continent," in selling a "pirated" edition of the same. The book sold by Mr. Work was printed in Toronto, and the decree permits the Harper Brothers to recover all profits that have arisen from the sale of said work, and enjoins the defendant from purchasing or selling any more copies of the Canadian edition.

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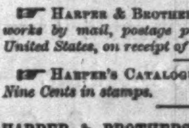

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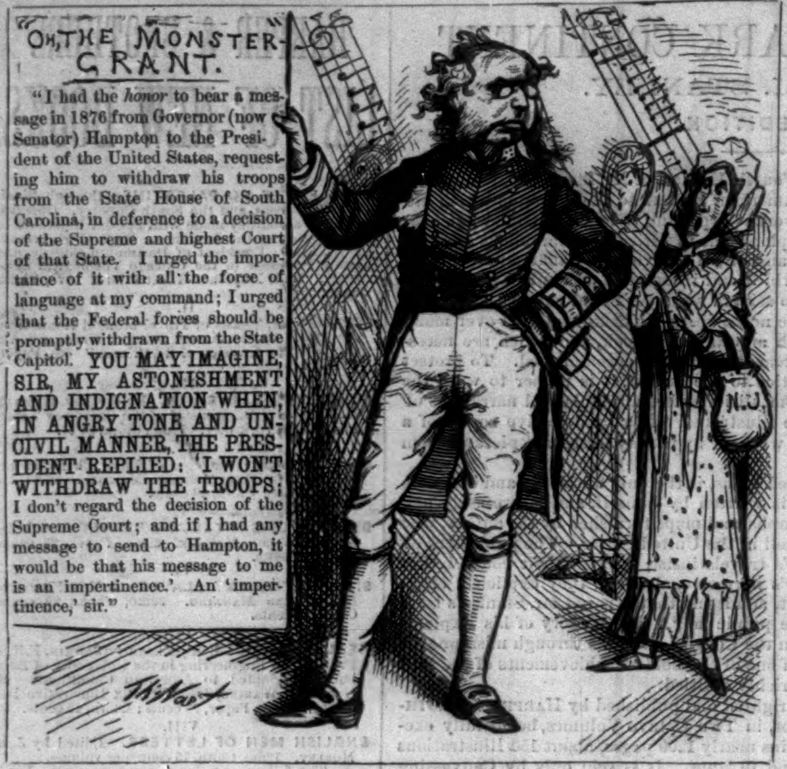

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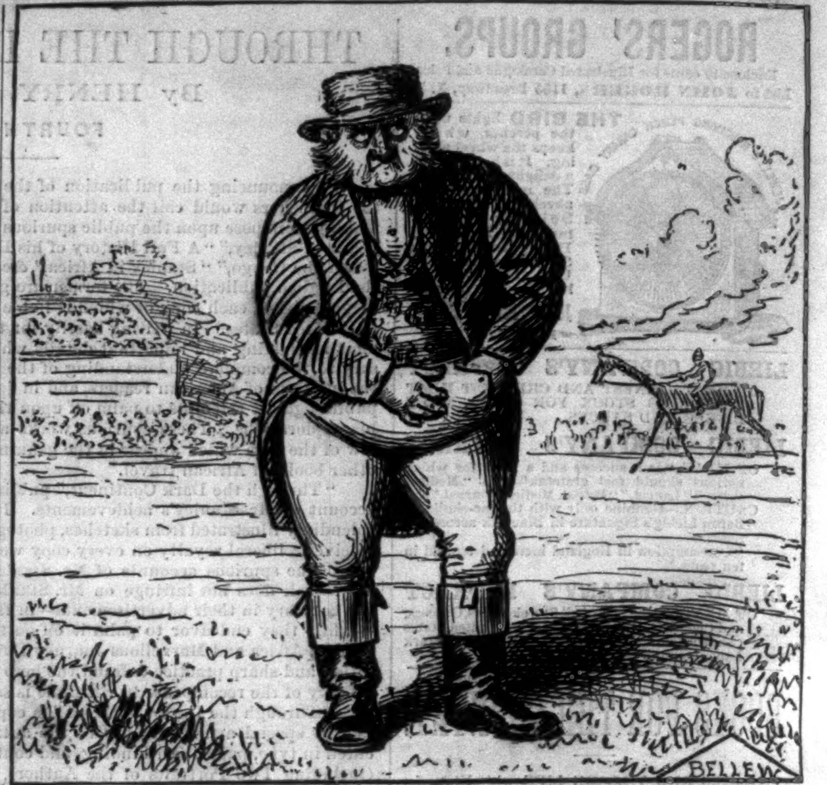
SIR J. PORTER RANDOLPH

(Who "a par-tic-u-lar-ly gentle-man-ly tone im-plants; and so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts").



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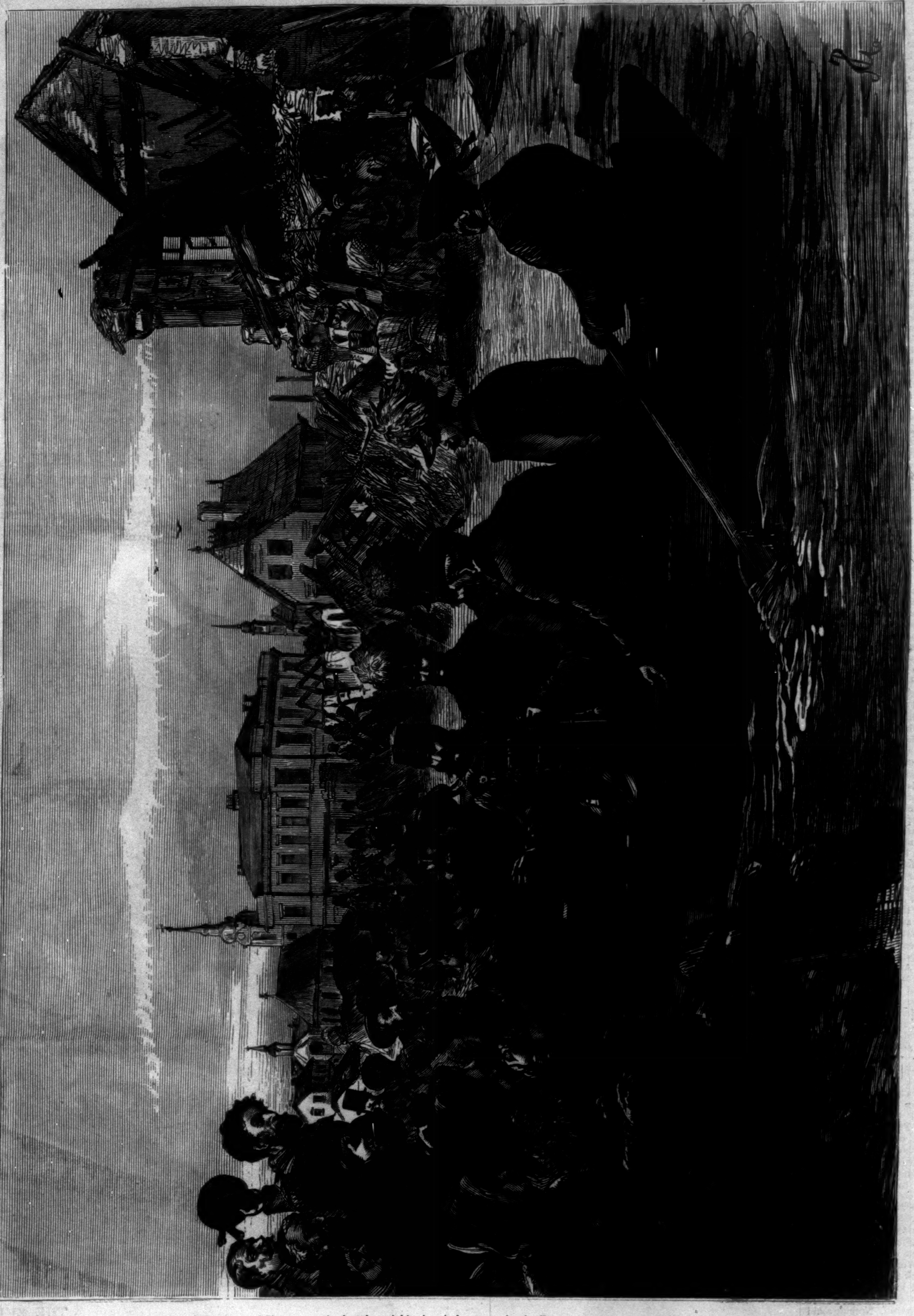

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THE EMPEROR'S VISIT TO SZEGEDIN.

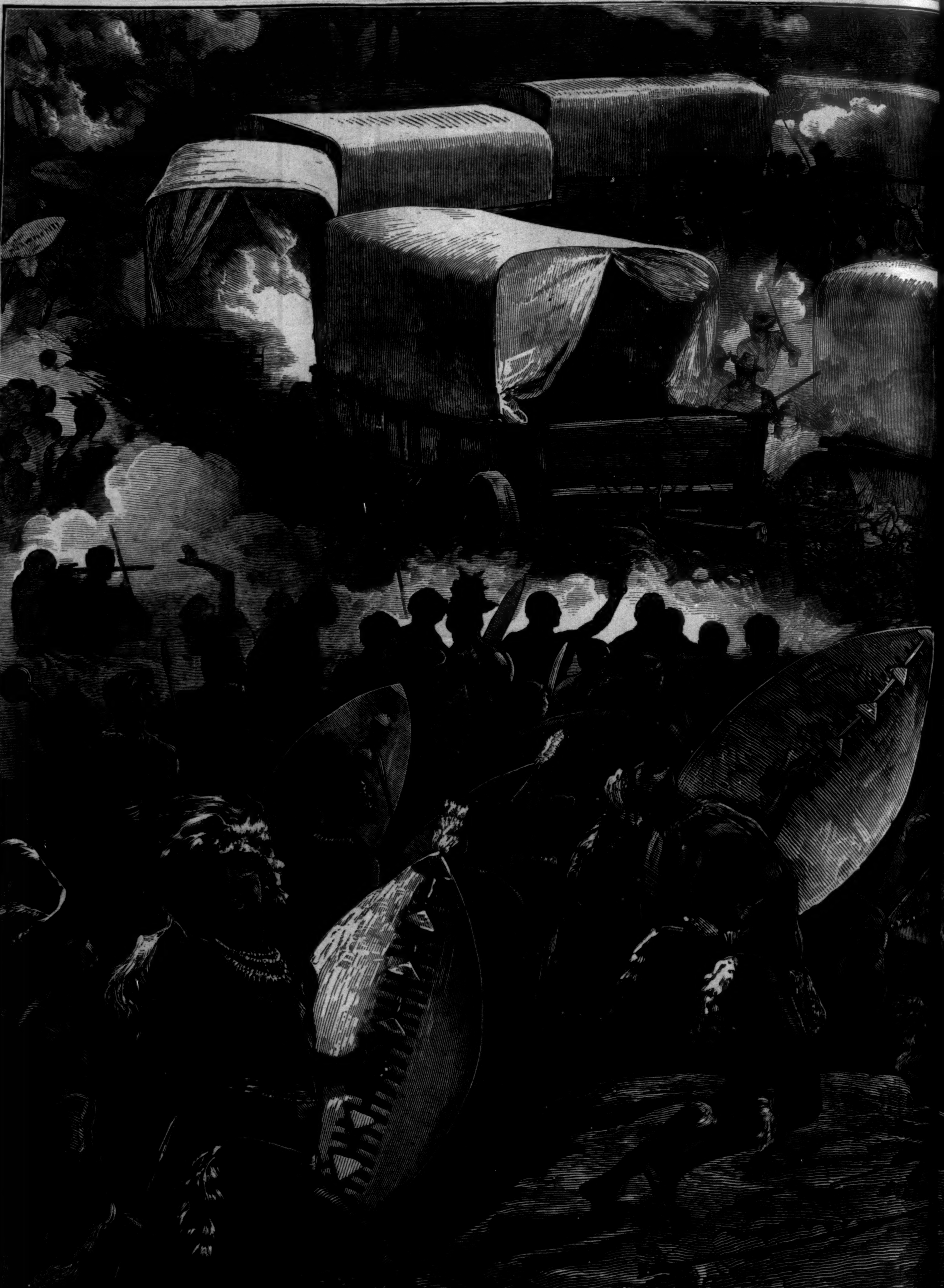
OUR readers will remember that we have already published an illustration of Szegedin, showing that town as it appeared before the terrible inundation which overwhelmed it on the 12th of March. This great calamity and its causes were also fully described, so that in connection with the above engraving we may proceed at once to give an account of the visit made by his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Austria to the scene of the calamity.

The Emperor, accompanied by the Minister-President of Hungary, arrived at the neighboring town of Temesvar at four in the morning of March 17. All demonstrations had been strictly forbidden, and only the Mayor of the town, the Lord-Lieutenant of the army, and General PULZ, who so bravely directed the work of rescue, were ready to receive him. His Majesty expressed his thanks for the activity and readiness to make sacrifices which the people of Temesvar had shown. He also expressed himself in similar terms to the authorities at Kikinda, when the train stopped on its way to Szegedin, where it arrived at seven in the evening. The Mayor of the town expressed the thanks of the inhabitants for the sympathy the Emperor manifested by his visit, and the hope that his solicitude for the afflicted would continue. The Emperor replied: "I come to see with my own eyes how the unfortunate town has fared, and deep sorrow fills my heart at the sight of the great misfortune. I hope, however, that better times are in store for you, and that the town will revive. Do not be downcast; your town shall yet flourish." His Majesty then inquired of the Mayor as to the cause of the catastrophe. The latter explained that it was the storm; and added that though the misery was great, the sympathy with them was also great, and said that all the fugitives had hitherto been housed and fed by the kindness of various societies and people. The royal party embarked in pontoons and boats, and sailed all over the town, cheered by the inmates of the small craft busy in transporting goods and furniture. The Emperor then visited the large refuge in the school-house, speaking to the people words of comfort. He next alighted at the town-house, and inspected the place where the railway embankment had given way. The colonel of the Engineers, who accompanied him, expressed his confidence in being able to close this gap of about thirty to forty meters, as also that of the upper dike. At noon his Majesty left for Temesvar on his way to Vienna.

The Emperor's visit is said to have had a most excellent effect upon the people, rousing them out of the torpor and despondency into which they were sinking. This state was, however, but a natural reaction after the great excitement they had passed through, more particularly among a people rather prone to extremes, capable of almost superhuman exertion as long as there is any hope to animate them, but relapsing into apathy when ruin seems inevitable. In addition to this salutary effect on the spirits of the population, the visit had practical results as well. Short as was the time spent there, the plans for draining off the water were examined and discussed. The first idea of closing the gap in the upper dike of Perscora was, indeed, after repeated inspection, found for the moment impracticable, the chasm being some 160 yards wide and thirty feet deep. Both civil and military engineers, however, considered it possible to heal the gap, only some thirty yards wide and not so deep, in the railway embankment, where, also, the rush of the waters was not so impetuous as at the upper dike, at which the water flowed in immediately from the river. That same evening a conference was held, at which resolutions for carrying out this temporary work were adopted, and measures discussed for saving the town in future from a similar catastrophe, it being proposed to raise the low railway embankments on the west side of the town, and the dike leading from those embankments to the river. This work, it was believed, could be proceeded with and accomplished as soon as the gap in the railway embankment was stopped. The waters, when the breach was closed, would be diverted into the river, those covering the parts of the town below the level of the river being pumped out.

Despite the weight of the blow which has struck the population of Szegedin, they bear up against it bravely. In all the mass of fugitives and houseless refugees scarcely a beggar is visible, and it is said that words of complaint are rarely heard. They thankfully accept provisions; but they do not ask for relief in money, and in many instances refuse it when it is offered. In the school-house, just after the flood, many hundreds of them were crowded together. The Minister of Finance came and asked them whether they wanted any thing, and the answer was that they had brought with them provisions for several days, and wanted nothing more. An explanation of this feeling of independence may be found in the circumstance that the great bulk of the population is in easy circumstances, and, in consequence, possessed with a strong feeling of self-reliance. Martial law was proclaimed several days before the catastrophe occurred, but hitherto only twelve cases of robbery, theft, and other excesses have been reported before the magistrates. Provisions are sent to them in such quantities, that the authorities of Szegedin have telegraphed to stop further supply, there being enough to last for several days to come.

A general evacuation of the town necessarily followed upon the disaster, and it was estimated, according to the official statement of the Minister of Public Works, that within the first week 23,000 people were removed in railway trains, by the six steamers employed, and in carts by road. Nothing could surpass the kindness manifested by the inhabitants of all the surrounding country. High and low contended with each other which should be first to assist in relieving distress. At present there are many signs of returning life in the unfortunate town. In three or four streets the shops are being again opened, while on the Theiss embankment and at New Szegedin, on the opposite bank of the river, a number of provision dealers have set up their stands. A considerable proportion of the population of Szegedin are small landed proprietors, who will suffer less than the others. They have lost their houses, and in most cases a large part of their household property; but both are of the simplest description, and their means of gaining a livelihood remain more or less intact, their fields for the most part lying at a distance from the town, safe from the inundation. Luckily there, too, they keep most of their stock implements, and whatever stores they may have. It is otherwise with the artisan and commercial class, to whom shops and offices were their sole means of livelihood.



THE ZULU WAR—THE LAAG R

FIGHTING THE ZULUS.

It has been so frequently urged by the unfortunate commander-in-chief of the English forces in South Africa that if the little body of troops at Isandula had acted solely on the defensive, and their wagons been disposed "in laager," the terrific massacre of the 22d of January would not have occurred, that an illustration, like the accompanying one, showing the laager method of defense, will not fail to have a great interest for our readers. In Dutch, as in German, the word "laager" signifies a camp, but in the colonial acceptation of the term, essentially a defensible camp; that is, any description of fortification, from a work accurately traced on the principles of Vauban to a simple barricade of wagons, would be so called by the Dutch settlers of South Africa.

The ordinary wagon of the colonists in that part of the world measures eighteen feet in length of body, the average height, not including the "tilt," being five feet. arri
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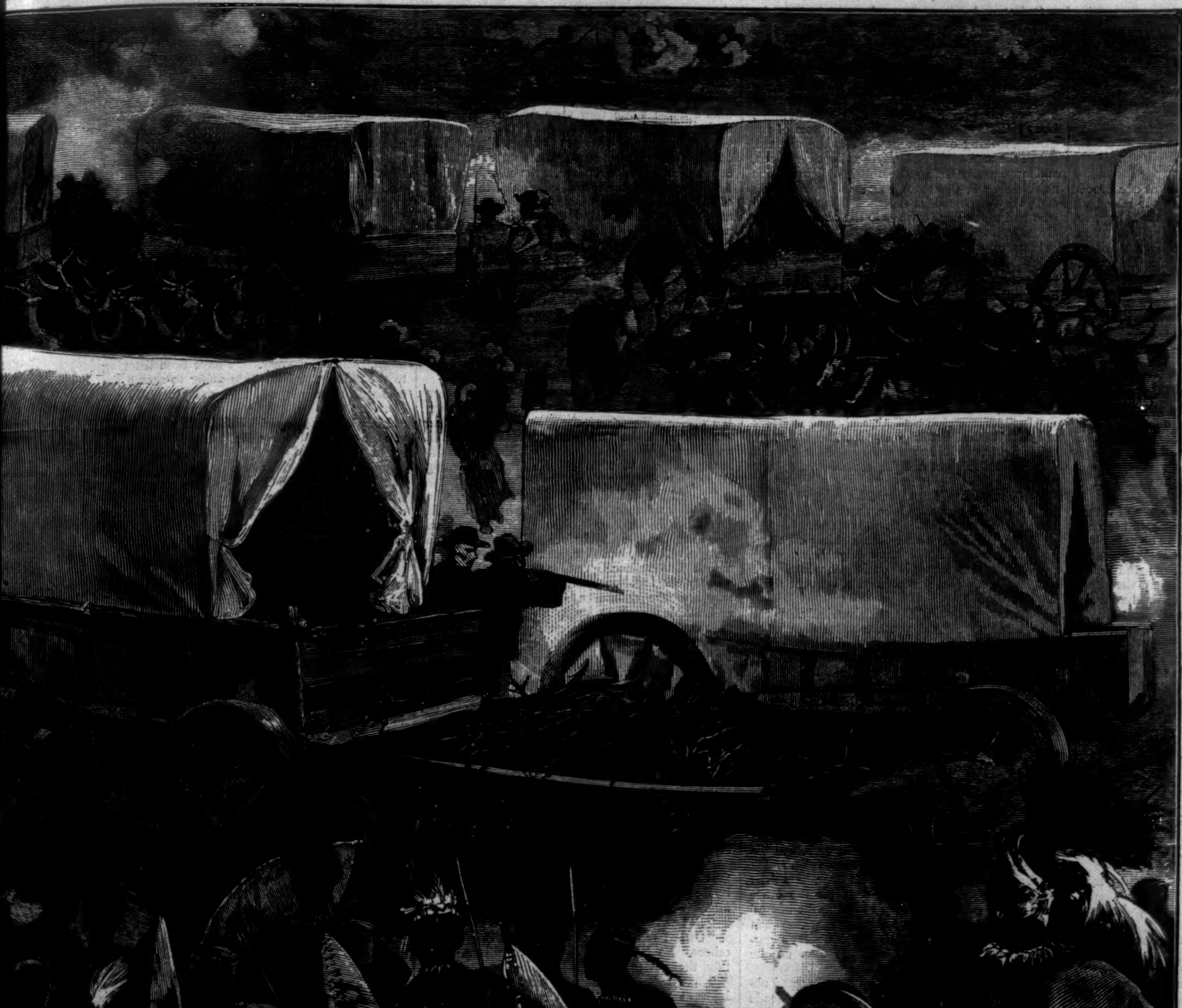

AAG R METHOD OF DEFENSE.

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at the same time out of the way of the defenders. An outer circle of rather more than 100 wagons forms the actual defensible line of the laager, the intervening space between the inner and outer circles containing the hospital, cavalry camp, and all horses belonging to the column. The tents of the artillery and infantry are arranged as close as possible outside the laager. In front of the centre are the guns of the artillery, a line of shelter trenches covering the front of the infantry tents. In case of alarm or a night attack the tents are immediately struck, the infantry occupying the shelter trenches, the gunners standing to their guns, all mounted men to their horses. Should it be found necessary to retreat within the laager, every man at once repairs to that wagon to which he has already been detailed, the guns being run back through a temporary opening at the outer circle of wagons. The strength of such a position is obvious. A correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, in describing the advantages gained by this arrangement, says: "By distributing the men so that half of them lie under, the remainder in, the wagons, a double line of fire is brought to bear upon the enemy. We have already learned by bitter experience what the Zulus can do. We know how, on January 22, they hurled themselves in masses against the defenders of Isanhlwana, heedless of the murderous fire of our Martinis or the shrapnel which ploughed lanes through the columns. Yet we doubt, nay, more, we believe, it to be absolutely impossible for the same enemy in equal numbers to force a position of such strength as we have endeavored to describe. It is from the Boers that we have adopted the system of laagers. In 1840, during the war waged by DINGAAN, the then ruling Zulu king, against the Dutch settlers, 15,000 Zulus attacked 400 Boers in laager; the latter, without losing a single man, inflicted fearful losses on the enemy, though it should be stated that at this time the only weapon carried by the Zulus was the assegai, the Boers being armed with flint-locks."

Defensive arrangements of all kinds, and especially those that can be put in operation suddenly, are necessary in a country like South Africa, where a few white colonists are surrounded by hordes of savages liable to descend upon them at any moment. The Zulus are a military people, and, as we have seen from the Isandula affair, skilled in all strategic details. The force which the Zulu king can put in the field numbers between 40,000 and 50,000 men; it is, in fact, composed of the entire nation capable of bearing arms. Every youth on attaining the age of fifteen is drafted into a regiment, and after a year's service permanently posted to a military kraal, of which there are twelve in the country. There are thirty-three regiments in the Zulu army, each having its own distinguishing dress and ornaments. Of these eighteen are composed of married, and fifteen of unmarried men. The former shave their heads, which are then bound round with a band of the skin of some beast, and they carry white shields. The unmarried regiments wear their hair naturally and carry black shields. The organization of all is alike. They are divided into right and left wings, each commanded by a wing officer, and subdivided into eight or ten companies, each of which has a captain and three subalterns. Drill, in our sense of the word, is unknown, but they perform a few simple movements with ease and celerity. Their discipline, however, is most severe. When on service, falling out of the ranks is punishable with death, which, indeed, seems inflicted for the most trivial offenses. All officers have their appointed duties, and the men obey them without hesitation. The provisions, consisting of maize or millet, are carried by women, who also bring up mats, ammunition, and blankets, help to drive a herd of cattle, and occasionally act as scouts or spies. The Zulus invariably attack in a crescent formation, enveloping the flanks of their enemy, on whom they pour a ceaseless fusillade directly he is surrounded.

Until recently the Zulus were armed exclusively with the usual Caffre weapons, Birmingham muskets, and such like. Of late, however, the king, whose power is despotic, has insisted on each soldier providing himself with a breech-loading weapon. Thousands of these arms in the course of a few months were landed in Delagoa Bay, and passed into the hands of the Zulus. The Portuguese authorities at that port were not powerful enough to stop the traffic, their small detachment of fifty men being scarcely a sufficient defense for the town. A correspondence on the subject which passed between Sir BARTLE FRERE and the Portuguese Governor resulted in the latter pledging himself to stop the trade. There is little doubt, however, that it is not the Portuguese authorities who are to blame for this nefarious traffic. The real offenders are unscrupulous English traders, whose greed of gain easily overcomes their patriotism. Thus the Zulus are provided with weapons which, coupled with their natural talent for warfare, makes them formidable enemies. A resident of Zululand, whose experience of this people as warriors is long and intimate, speaks of their military genius in very high terms, and affirms that the only effective way of fighting them is to use Gatling guns or mitrailleuses. To send small bodies of men, however brave, against them is simply inviting disaster.